



KINGDOM OF LIES

By Robert Khan and Tom Salinsky

THE DOCTOR - PETER DAVISON

Wandering Time Lord.

TEGAN - JANET FIELDING

The Doctor's travelling companion.

NYSSA - SARAH SUTTON

The Doctor's travelling companion.

ADRIC - MATTHEW WATERHOUSE

The Doctor's travelling companion.

SEBASTIAN, DUKE OF CARDENAS (PRO: CAR-DAY-NASS) -

Brittle, nervy, in his 30s. Not a natural ruler.

MIRANDA, DUCHESS OF CARDENAS (PRO: CAR-DAY-NASS) -

Fiery and unpredictable, but not without cunning.

AMELIA, CHIEF COURTIER TO THE DUKE -

Female, protocol-obsessed, admiring.

TOMEK, CHIEF COURTIER TO THE DUCHESS (PRO TOE-MEK) -

Male, pragmatic, supportive.

LORD CROZION (PRO: CROW-ZEEON) -

Bombastic father to Miranda.

LADY CROZION (DOUBLES THE SCORPION) -

His waspish wife. / A cybernetic assassin.

EXTRA VOICES: Duchess' Guard, Duke's Guard, Commentator, Robotic Usher.

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PART ONE

MUSIC: ROYAL THEME

1. THE GREAT SQUARE - BALCONY

FX. TRUMPETS SOUND.

WILDTRACK:

(CHEERS OF THE CROWD)

SEBASTIAN: (THROUGH ECHOEY PA SYSTEM)

My new wife and I thank you, the people of Cardenas for celebrating with us on this wonderful occasion. We are delighted to have shared this day with you, and we look forward to many happy days ahead.

WILDTRACK:

(CHEERS OF THE CROWD)

MIRANDA: (THROUGH ECHOEY PA SYSTEM)

But first, my new husband and I have some private matters to attend to..

WILDTRACK:

(CROWD GOES BESERK AT THE SAUCY SUGGESTION)

SEBASTIAN: (THROUGH ECHOEY PA SYSTEM)

(EMBARRASSED) Thank you, everyone, er, farewell, er..

MIRANDA: (THROUGH ECHOEY PA SYSTEM)

We love you all! (SHE BLOWS THEM KISSES)

FX. SEBASTIAN AND MIRANDA LEAVE THE BALCONY. WE CROSS STRAIGHT TO INSIDE.

2. DUCAL BEDCHAMBER (CONT.)

FX. SEBASTIAN AND MIRANDA STEP OFF THE BALCONY AND CLOSE THE WINDOW BEHIND THEM. FROM OUTSIDE, THE CROWD CAN STILL BE HEARD CHEERING.

SEBASTIAN:

Well, it's been a while since I saw the people as happy as that! Well done, darling.

MIRANDA:

I told you – everyone adores a love story.

SEBASTIAN:

Gracious, they're still cheering for us – listen to them!

MIRANDA:

Cheering for us? You don't really believe that do you?

SEBASTIAN:

What else would they be cheering for?

MIRANDA:

Oh, darling, sweet, naïve, simple, Sebastian. They're cheering for me.

SEBASTIAN:

The people love me. You're the new arrival. I've ruled here for-

MIRANDA:

(INTERRUPTING) They are cheering. For me.

MUSIC: TITLES

3. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM

FX. TARDIS ATMOS. DOCTOR OPERATES CONTROLS.

DOCTOR:

...and then once it's on its pre-programmed course, all you really need to do is monitor these readings, and she should find a suitable landing spot automatically.

ADRIC:

Yes, I see. Not as complicated as you make out is it?

DOCTOR:

Well, that assumes everything goes according to plan. Learning to plot a course is one thing, Adric. Dealing with the unexpected – that's another.

NYSSA:

The unexpected? Like what?

DOCTOR:

Time fissures, Nyssa. Sub-space disturbances. Radiometric distortions. Artron fluctuations in the time rotor. Damp...

FX. TEGAN ENTERS.

TEGAN:

And is that why we never know where we're going? Because it's starting to rot?

DOCTOR:

It is not starting to rot, Tegan. The TARDIS has just been around for a while and it's, well it's...

TEGAN:

...a clapped-out piece of junk that you have no idea how to operate?

FX. CONSOLE STARTS BLEEPING AND FIZZING. TARDIS LURCHES, CONSOLE ROOM FILLS WITH GRINDING NOISE, LIKE A CRASHING PLANE.

DOCTOR/NYSSA/TEGAN/ADRIC:

(RESPONSE SOUNDS TO TARDIS LURCHING AND CONSOLE SPARKING.)

NYSSA:

I think she heard you!

DOCTOR:

Hang on to something. I'm going to try and land.

ADRIC:

Doctor, let me help!

DOCTOR:

Set the dynamic compensators to one one four, seven beta yellow.

ADRIC:

One one four...

FX. SNAPPING SOUND.

ADRIC:

(AWKWARD) Oh...

DOCTOR:

Have you done it? Adric! Have you done it!?

ADRIC:

Not exactly.

DOCTOR:

What do you mean?

ADRIC:

It came off in my hand.

TEGAN:

Out of the way.

NYSSA:

Tegan, what are you doing?

TEGAN:

If I've learned one thing about flying this bucket of bolts, it's this...

FX. SHE THUMPS THE CONSOLE. TARDIS LEVELS OUT.

ADRIC:

It worked! Tegan's thump worked!

DOCTOR:

We're landing.

NYSSA:

But where?

DOCTOR:

(CHEERFULLY) I have absolutely no idea!

MUSIC: SEGUE.

4. DUKE'S CHAMBERS

FX. THE DUKE SEBASTIAN IS PACING ON THE MARBLE FLOORS OF THE PALACE, TALKING TO HIS ADVISOR.

SEBASTIAN:

(FURIOUS) Have you seen the latest edition of The Cardenas Tribune, Amelia?

AMELIA:

Your Grace, as I have counselled before, reading ill-informed speculation in the tabloids is a blueprint for misery.

SEBASTIAN:

Then why do we allow them to print it? Can we have their Correspondent-Royal imprisoned? He really is nauseating.

AMELIA:

Your Grace will struggle to maintain his popularity if the people are not permitted to peek behind the ducal curtain.

SEBASTIAN:

But we can't allow this to stand. We have to issue a response.

AMELIA:

I do not advise that, Your Grace.

SEBASTIAN:

According to this article I am distracting myself from my broken marriage by (READS) "painting execrable water-colours, talking to bees and obsessing about the temperature of his morning toast."

AMELIA:

Most upsetting and clearly inaccurate, but I worry that we give such stories more credence by responding.

SEBASTIAN:

Look, Amelia. What is the current mood of the court? Have any more livery masters made public their support for me? And the Guilds, do I have their support?

AMELIA:

You do indeed, Your Grace.

SEBASTIAN:

Well, that's something I suppose.

AMELIA:

Two of them.

SEBASTIAN:

Two!? Please tell me they're the most prestigious ones? The Guild of Falconry perhaps? The Livery of Armour?

AMELIA:

(RAPIDLY) The Guild of Seamstresses and the Livery of... Boiler-repair. But both are terribly enthusiastic – their love for you knows no bounds.

SEBASTIAN:

(MUTTERING, RESIGNED) Whatever "love" is.

AMELIA:

I'm sure the rest of them will come around.

SEBASTIAN:

She's put them up to this, hasn't she? Trying to emasculate me through rumour.

AMELIA:

I rather suspect the Duchess is behind this, yes.

SEBASTIAN:

Then your plan may well prove the best way forward. Is he here yet? Has there been any sign?

AMELIA:

Not yet, Your Grace.

SEBASTIAN:

You will tell me the moment he arrives?

AMELIA:

The Hadron Barrier sentries are primed and scanning, sir.

SEBASTIAN:

I shall have Cardenas back, Amelia. At any cost.

AMELIA:

Yes, Your Grace.

5. WOODS OUTSIDE THE PALACE

FX. TARDIS LANDS AND TARDIS DOOR OPENS, DOCTOR, TEGAN, NYSSA AND ADRIC EMERGE. THEY ARE IN MID-CONVERSATION.

TEGAN:

So you've no idea where we are, and no way of finding out without going outside to take readings?

DOCTOR:

(A BIT WEARY) That's right. Because it was an emergency landing – occasioned by your unwarranted violence.

TEGAN:

What? That little thump stopped the sensors from working? How?

FX. TARDIS CREW STROLLS OFF.

NYSSA:

The sensors are working fine, Tegan.

ADRIC:

That's how we know it's safe to go out.

DOCTOR:

But unless we know exactly at what point we left the vortex...

NYSSA:

It's impossible to get an accurate fix on our location.

TEGAN:

That's crazy. On a seven-four-seven if everything else failed, you could at least rely on dead reckoning.

DOCTOR:

One of the many ways in which such craft differ, Tegan.

TEGAN:

So where are we? This forest looks like an Earth forest. But I can't see any buildings or hear any traffic or planes. So when are we? On Earth? The Middle Ages?

DOCTOR:

No, I don't think so...

ADRIC:

Doctor – there's something rather odd here.

DOCTOR:

I wondered when one of you would notice it.

NYSSA:

The yellow line, painted on the grass.

DOCTOR:

Yes. Strange isn't it? Sprawling woods for miles and miles, and yet someone has gone to the trouble of painting a line right the way through it.

ADRIC:

It seems perfectly straight. I can't see a single bend.

TEGAN:

What do you think it means?

DOCTOR:

I'm not sure. Painting a line that straight and true over uneven terrain like this would require something rather more sophisticated than you'd find in the Middle Ages.

FX. A FLOATING PLATFORM "BATTLE SCULLER" APPROACHES FROM A DISTANCE.

TEGAN:

What - really? They did build castles back then you know.

DOCTOR:

Yes, Tegan, but...

TEGAN:

I'd say it's an awful lot harder to build a great big castle than to splash a bit of paint on some grass.

ADRIC:

It's not the size, Tegan, it's the accuracy that's interesting.

TEGAN:

Tell that to the Romans. Anyway, maybe it's a theme park?

NYSSA:

Do theme parks need hovering platforms, with large laser rifles built into them?

TEGAN:

Don't be ridiculous - (SPOTS THE SCULLER) Oh!

FX. BATTLE SCULLER COMES TO A HALT, FLOATING ABOVE THEM.

DOCTOR:

(CALLING UP AT THE CRAFT) Hello! I'm the Doctor.

DUCHESS'S GUARD:

(CALLING DOWN) Halt in the name of the Duchess Miranda and surrender immediately!

TEGAN:

Or else what?

FX. LASER BOLT FIRES, HITS A TREE WITH A CRACK OF WOOD.
TREE TOPPLES OVER, CRASHING NOISILY TO THE EARTH.

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:

We surrender.

6. DUCHESS'S CHAMBERS

FX. THE DUCHESS MIRANDA IS PACING ON THE MARBLE FLOORS OF THE PALACE. THE DOOR OPENS AND TOMEK ENTERS. MIRANDA STOPS PACING.

MIRANDA:

Tomek, there you are. What news?

TOMEK:

Bad, your Grace.

FX. SHUTS THE DOOR AND APPROACHES MIRANDA.

TOMEK:

The Duke won't sign the Letters Patent.

MIRANDA:

Who's your source?

TOMEK:

Your Third Lady of the Bedchamber had lunch with the Duke's Fourth Equerry of Foot.

MIRANDA:

Why is a Lady of my Bedchamber having lunch with one of the Duke's low-rent minions?

TOMEK:

He's her husband.

MIRANDA:

Right, well I suppose I should get court gossip from wherever I can.

TOMEK:

The Duke was overheard saying that he would rather chew off his own foot than grant you the title of (READS) "Grand Margravine of Lox in... the County of Windlesham... in the Duchy of Cardenas."

MIRANDA:

Tomek, every Duchess of Cardenas for centuries has been granted that title on the first anniversary of their marriage.

TOMEK:

Well, it is only a courtesy title, Your Grace. The population's just two hundred. Most of them are cattle.

MIRANDA:

That's beside the point! He's withholding the Letters Patent to humiliate me. And if there is no legal way of addressing this, I will tell my father, who will underline the argument with a flotilla of battle-scullers.

FX. TOMEK'S COMMUNICATOR BLEEPES.

TOMEK:

Forgive me, Your Grace.

FX. HE PRESSES A BUTTON TO ANSWER THE CALL.

TOMEK:

(TO COMMUNICATOR) This is Tomek, report.

FX. INDISTINCT BURBLE OF THE HOUSEHOLD GUARD REPORTING.

TOMEK:

(TO COMMUNICATOR) I see.

MIRANDA:

What is it now?

TOMEK:

The Household Guard have found two people attempting to breach the Great Dividing Line. I don't know why they trouble me with these things.

FX. MORE BURBLING.

TOMEK:

A moment Your Grace. (TO THE COMMUNICATOR, SURPRISED)? Repeat that. They're off-worlders?

FX. MORE BURBLE.

TOMEK:

They're off-worlders? Are you sure?

FX. BURBLE OVER THIS:

MIRANDA:

Off-worlders!? Tomek, have the Hadron Barriers been breached?

TOMEK:

Impossible, Your Grace. We're impregnable.

MIRANDA:

I suspect my husband's hand in this, Tomek. I want you to interrogate these strangers personally. And don't hesitate to have them executed if you suspect any malfeasance.

TOMEK:

With pleasure, Your Grace.

FX. TOMEK ACTIVATES HIS COMMUNICATOR AGAIN.

TOMEK:

Captain...

7. WOODS OUTSIDE THE PALACE

FX. BATTLE-SCULLER CONTINUES TO HOVER. EXTERIOR ATMOS AS BEFORE.

DUCHESS'S GUARD:

(INTO INTERCOM) Yes, sir. Understood.

TEGAN:

There's no chance this is a theme park? I mean the uniforms are pretty garish.

DUCHESS'S GUARD:

(TO TEGAN AND ADRIC) You - prattling woman - and you - boy with the badge. You will come with me.

ADRIC:

Why just us?

DOCTOR:

You crossed the line.

TEGAN:

Oh come on, Doctor. All I said was I thought the uniform was garish.

DOCTOR:

No I mean literally crossed the line. See? You're standing on that side of the line. Nyssa and I are standing on this side. (TO GUARD) Listen, we're all members of the same party. Arresting half of us makes no sense.

DUCHESS'S GUARD:

You're on the Duke's side. Therefore you are supporters of the Duke.

DOCTOR:

I've never met him.

DUCHESS'S GUARD:

The Duke's supporters are not my concern. However, fraternising with supporters of the Duke is my concern - it's treason. So these two will be taken to Her Grace's cells.

DOCTOR:

Look, this has all been a terrible misunderstanding.

FX. THE DOCTOR MOVES FORWARD, THE GUNS ON THE SCULLER SWIFTLY SHIFT THEIR AIM TO HIM WITH A WHINE OF HYDRAULICS. LASER SHOTS RIP INTO THE TURF AHEAD OF THE DOCTOR.

DUCHESS'S GUARD:

That was a warning shot. Put one foot over that line and the next blast will take off your head. (TO TEGAN AND ADRIC) This way, traitors.

TEGAN:

Doctor, do something!

NYSSA:

We can't let them be taken!

DOCTOR:

Better go with them, Tegan. We'll catch up with you soon.

ADRIC:

We'll be all right, Doctor.

FX. GUARD OPERATES A BUTTON, A HATCH OPENS AND A LADDER UNFURLS.

DUCHESS'S GUARD:

Get on board the hover. Up the ladder and through the hatch.

FX. TEGAN AND ADRIC CLIMB UP THE LADDER.

TEGAN:

Is it safe?

FX. GUARD COCKS HIS LASER PISTOL.

DUCHESS'S GUARD:

Safer than refusal.

FX. TEGAN AND ADRIC REACH THE HATCH AND GO INSIDE. THE LADDER ROLLS BACK UP AND THE HATCH CLOSES.

DOCTOR:

Tegan! Adric! We'll find you. Don't do anything stupid.

DUCHESS'S GUARD:

Good advice.

FX. HE HITS A CONTROL ON THE BATTLE-SCULLER WHICH GLIDES AWAY WITH A SURGE OF POWER.

NYSSA:

What now, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

I suggest we follow, at a discreet distance.

FX. DUKE'S GUARD APPEARS, OFF AND COCKS HIS LASER PISTOL.

DUKE'S GUARD: (OFF)

(SHOUTING) Halt! Strangers! You have crossed the Great Dividing Line and are hereby arrested in the name of His Grace the Duke of Cardenas.

DOCTOR:

(SIGHS) Of course we are...

8. DUNGEONS OF THE DUCHESS

FX. HEAVY IRON DOOR IS SWUNG SHUT AND BOLTED. TEGAN TAKES A FEW STEPS ON THE STONE FLOOR OF THE CELL.

TEGAN:

The trouble with travelling with the Doctor is it's twenty percent excitement, thirty percent having a gun stuck in your face and fifty percent being stuck in a dungeon.

ADRIC:

You think it's only fifty percent? I could do a regression analysis if you like..

TEGAN:

This isn't funny, Adric.

BEAT.

ADRIC:

Do you enjoy it?

TEGAN:

Do I enjoy what?

ADRIC:

Travelling. With the Doctor.

TEGAN:

It does have its compensations, I suppose.

ADRIC:

Travelling with me, you mean?

TEGAN:

(HEAVY SARCASM) Oh yes, Adric, travelling with you is a real highlight.

ADRIC:

(MISSING THE SARCASM) Oh good. For a moment there, I thought you'd lost your yo-yo.

TEGAN:

Mojo, Adric, the word is mojo. (BEAT) Why is everything painted blue?

ADRIC:

Is the colour scheme strictly relevant?

TEGAN:

It's just that everything is painted blue. If they like blue so much, maybe we could bribe them with the TARDIS.

FX. ANOTHER DOOR OPENS, AND TOMEK ENTERS.

TOMEK:

It's azure. The colours of the Duchess Miranda. Are you loyal to the Duchess?

ADRIC:

Would that be... a good or a bad thing?

TOMEK:

The Duchess is the true ruler of Cardenas while the Duke is a gutless glob-chicken of a man whom all right-thinking people despise.

TEGAN:

We can't stand him, either.

ADRIC:

God save the Duchess.

TOMEK:

Commendable.

TEGAN:

So, who are you, exactly?

TOMEK:

I'm Tomek, chief courtier to the Duchess. And you're the pair of strangers found plotting insurrection across The Great Dividing Line.

ADRIC:

The line painted on the ground? We didn't know we weren't supposed to cross it. You should put up signs.

TOMEK:

Then you really are off-worlders...

TEGAN:

Perhaps. Tell us more.

TOMEK:

When the Duchess realised the Duke's many short-comings, the land was bifurcated. Split apart by the Great Dividing Line which runs right through the middle of the palace.

TEGAN:

A separation that's been enforced by paint?

TOMEK:

You really don't know any of this? Sorry, but we don't get many off-worlders on Cicero Prime. (HUSHED) Are you possibly...?

ADRIC:

(HUSHED) Are we what?

TOMEK:

(HUSHED) Are you agents of the Scorpion!?

TEGAN:

(HUSHED) Who's the Scorpion? (NORMAL) And do we have to whisper?

TOMEK:

(CLEARS THROAT) The Scorpion is an assassin, the most deadly of the Seven Systems. There are rumours that the Duke has contracted him to end his marriage, in a manner that might be cheaper than divorce.

TEGAN:

Well, I can assure you, we have nothing to do with-

ADRIC:

(TALKING OVER HER) Tegan, we need to take Tomek into our confidence. We are from the Grand Order of Alzarius. And as the Scorpion is contracted to deal with the Duchess, so are we contracted to deal with the Scorpion.

TEGAN:

Adric... really...

ADRIC:

My badge signifies our Grand Order. Each sharp point is laced with poison. And that's not all. I have deadly weapons concealed throughout my person.

TOMEK:

Really? How inconvenient for you. Still, if you are as efficient and ruthless as you claim, the Duchess might have need of your services.

TEGAN:

And - purely hypothetically - if we're not?

TOMEK:

Then I don't imagine the engagement will last very long.

9. DUNGEONS OF THE DUKE

FX. HEAVY IRON DOOR CLANGS SHUT. DUKE'S GUARD SHUFFLES OFF.

DOCTOR:

You see, Nyssa? Already my plan is working.

NYSSA:

What plan!?

DOCTOR:

As soon as Adric and Tegan were taken, our best bet was to get captured too. Far quicker to get here on one of those sculler things than walking all the way to the palace ourselves.

NYSSA:

Indeed. Only we seem to have beaten them to it.

DOCTOR:

Yes. I was expecting them to be locked up here with us.

NYSSA:

(DOESN'T BELIEVE HIM) So, the "plan" was to get ourselves incarcerated in order to free Adric and Tegan. Even though we don't actually know where they are.

DOCTOR:

(BEAT) Yes.

NYSSA:

I don't think much of the colour scheme. Why is everything red?

DOCTOR:

It's either curiously unimaginative or deeply significant. Perhaps it's both?

NYSSA:

Everyone's dressed in armour, in a stone palace with iron bars. But, this is a high-technology civilisation. At least level five on the Meldrum Scale.

DOCTOR:

Some species just love nostalgia.

FX. DOOR OPENS. A GUARD AND THE DUKE APPROACHES.

DUKE'S GUARD:

Pray silence for His Royal Highness the Duke of Cardenas, Margrave of Lox in the County of Windlesham, Baron of the Lays, Great Silver Stick of State...

SEBASTIAN:

(INTERRUPTING) Yes, yes, that's enough, they're prisoners not ambassadors. Now, my chief courtier tells me that we have some off-worlders visiting us. Would that be you?

DOCTOR:

I'm the Doctor and this is Nyssa.

NYSSA:

Hello.

DOCTOR:

We were travelling with two other friends – Tegan and Adric. They've been taken prisoner too and we were wondering whether they were here?

SEBASTIAN:

Here? Oh, no, no. The Duchess's doing. Her dungeons are on the far side of the palace.

NYSSA:

You share a palace?

SEBASTIAN:

Off-worlders are not common on Cicero Prime. Who exactly are you?

FX. DOOR OPENS AGAIN AND AMELIA COMES HURRYING IN.

AMELIA:

Your Grace!

SEBASTIAN:

Goodness, Amelia. Something wrong?

AMELIA:

It is not seemly for Your Grace to conduct this interrogation alone. It is a breach of protocol!

SEBASTIAN:

Then what do you suggest?

AMELIA:

I will summon the Lord High Magistrate who will have these strangers arraigned, tried, executed, buried and commemorated before the hour is out.

SEBASTIAN:

The Lord High Magistrate deals with petty criminals. What we have here are two off-worlders who have slipped past our Hadron Barriers without triggering a single alarm.

DOCTOR:

(WHISPERING) Hadron Barriers! I told you there wasn't a fault with the TARDIS.

NYSSA:

(WHISPERING) Not now, Doctor.

SEBASTIAN:

(EXCITED) Amelia. Do you not recall our conversation of only two nights ago? Did you or did you not make contact with the, er, skilled gentleman that we discussed?

DOCTOR:

Skilled gentleman?

AMELIA:

Your Grace, I sent word, but it's too soon, surely?

SEBASTIAN:

Well, who else could it possibly be!?

NYSSA:

What's he talking about Doctor?

SEBASTIAN:

Of course, it's him! The most feared assassin in the sector. And you've had him thrown in the cells? (TO THE DOCTOR) My Lord Scorpion, I beg your pardon. This has been a calamitous error. I implore you to show mercy.

DOCTOR:

Whoever you think I am, you're quite mistaken.

SEBASTIAN:

You can drop the pretence. We're the ones who contacted you.

NYSSA:

Contacted us?

SEBASTIAN:

Yes, yes. To deal with my little... matter. My... marital matter.

AMELIA:

Your Grace...

SEBASTIAN:

I am right, though - you are The Scorpion?

DOCTOR:

No, I'm really not!

NYSSA:

(SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH THE DOCTOR) Yes, he really is.

SEBASTIAN:

I knew it!

NYSSA:

He is The Scorpion. And I am his apprentice, Nyssa... The Destroyer. (ADOPTS, NOT TOO SUCCESSFULLY, THE PERSONA OF A KILLER) He kills for money. I murder because I like it. Now let us out of this rat-infested hell-box - or prepare to experience the most bloody consequences.

10. CORRIDOR/DUCHESS'S GUEST QUARTERS

FX. THE DUCHESS MIRANDA WALKS ALONG A CORRIDOR WITH ADRIC AND TEGAN — THEIR FOOTSTEPS ECHOING ACROSS MARBLE FLOORS.

MIRANDA:

Tomek tells me that you have offered me your services?

ADRIC:

We have, Your Grace.

MIRANDA:

Then I trust that these new quarters will be acceptable.

FX. SHE PRESSES A BUTTON. A DOOR BLEEPs THEN SWISHES OPEN. THE DUCHESS MIRANDA SHOWS ADRIC AND TEGAN THEIR NEW ACCOMMODATION. THEY ENTER AND WE FOLLOW.

TEGAN:

It's quite... luxurious.

MIRANDA:

An extension I designed myself. The Duke loathed the plans. Called it a brutalist barnacle that would ruin the traditional sightlines of the palace. That's why I insisted.

FX. TEGAN THROWS HERSELF ON THE BED.

TEGAN:

I've always wanted a four-poster! It's fantastic!

ADRIC:

But only the one bed?

MIRANDA:

I assumed you two were also...

ADRIC:

(QUICK) No, no, we're not...

TEGAN:

Definitely not...

MIRANDA:

I thought you said you travelled everywhere together?

ADRIC:

Yes, but...

TEGAN:

Not like that!

MIRANDA:

No matter the couch is serviceable. Now, we have much to discuss. Your arrival is well timed. There is a pageant this afternoon, a perfect opportunity I imagine for my useless husband and the vile assassin he has rumoured to have hired.

ADRIC:

How long have you been married?

MIRANDA:

An age. One year today. Hence the joyous celebration.

TEGAN:

A year? That didn't last long.

MIRANDA:

The Duke is a crushing bore. A tedious hobbyist, whose focus on trivia has nearly driven the Duchy to bankruptcy. It's not even as if he's talented. A baby could paint better watercolours

ADRIC:

Why did you marry him?

MIRANDA:

Because my father, Lord Crozion, insisted. We're from Galleria. [PRO: GALLER-REE-UH] He moaned about the size of the dowry of course, but thought my marrying into a Dukedom would enhance our family prestige.

TEGAN:

But the Duke is now determined to dispose of you?

MIRANDA:

According to my spies within his half of court, he'll try and make it look like an accident. Then the stiff, clumsy, unpopular Duke becomes a tragically heroic figure in mourning. While still keeping the dowry.

ADRIC:

Don't worry. We'll take care of the Scorpion for you. Now, do you have any schematics of the palace?

MIRANDA:

You can access them from this view-screen here.

FX. SHE MOVES TO THE VIEWSCREEN, BLEEPs AND HUMMING OF COMPUTER SCREEN AS MIRANDA BRINGS UP THE MAP FOR THEM.

11. DUKE'S GUEST QUARTERS

FX. DOOR OPENS, SEBASTIAN SHOWS THE DOCTOR AND NYSSA IN.

SEBASTIAN:

These quarters should prove more salubrious.

NYSSA:

They are tolerable, but we shall not be here long. Our only desire is to conclude our business swiftly.

SEBASTIAN:

Of course. Let me talk you through the ceremony planned for this afternoon.

DOCTOR:

I really must clarify something here..

NYSSA:

(INTERRUPTING) Yes, my Lord Scorpion. I am as eager as you are to execute the vile sham-queen, Miranda.

SEBASTIAN:

Nyssa is a wonderful companion for you.

DOCTOR:

She certainly has a wonderful imagination.

SEBASTIAN:

I am so grateful to you for giving me the opportunity to cleanse my house of its spousal knotweed. Now, before the pageant begins, the Duchess will want to make a vulgar entrance on a large Stage Sculler from her side of the palace. That's when she will be most vulnerable.

NYSSA:

Naturally. Now leave us. We must have time to prepare our deadly weapons of death.

SEBASTIAN:

Of course.

FX. HE LEAVES.

DOCTOR:

"Deadly weapons of death"?

12. DUCHESS'S GUEST QUARTERS

FX. MIRANDA CONTINUES TO OPERATE THE COMPUTERISED MAP WHICH Bleeps AS SHE PRESSES BUTTONS.

MIRANDA:

That's the Duke's side to the west, decorated in gaudy rust-red. That's my side to the east, in beautiful azure-blue. In the centre is the Great Square of Cardenas where the Royal Pavilion has been set up. That's where we'll view the Battle of the Equinoids.

ADRIC:

Battle of the... what?

MIRANDA:

Equinoids – robot horses. We race them on special occasions. The people are almost as obsessed with studying their hydraulics as they are the bloodlines of the Royal family.

ADRIC:

I see...

MIRANDA:

Before the race, I am to meet the Duke in the Royal Pavilion, just so we can be seen together in public.

TEGAN:

Even though everyone knows you're estranged?

MIRANDA:

(BECOMING PROGRESSIVELY MORE THEATRICAL) It's the traditional protocol. Don't worry though. I shall hold a little moue smile, doe my eyes and look wanly away from him. Then when the public realise a vile, grievous attack on my life has also just been thwarted... (STARTS SOBBING)

TEGAN:

Try and keep yourself composed.

MIRANDA:

(BRIGHTENING INSTANTLY) Sorry, just preparing myself for interviews with the Correspondents-Royal. Now, the driver of the Stage-Sculler will set us down in the Palace grounds first so that you can deal with these assassins, using all the skills of the Order of Alzarius.

ADRIC:

You may depend on it, Your Grace. We shall carry out your orders as if our very lives depended on it.

MIRANDA:

Which of course, they do.

13. DUKE'S GUEST QUARTERS

FX. DOOR HUMS SHUT. DOCTOR AND NYSSA ARE ALONE.

DOCTOR:

Nyssa, what on Earth do you think you're doing!?

NYSSA:

Trying to save our lives. Didn't you hear what the Duke's chief courtier said? He wanted to execute us. My plan is keeping us alive.

DOCTOR:

I would have thought of something.

NYSSA:

But I did think of something Doctor. We pretend to be this Scorpion and his merciless companion.

DOCTOR:

A part you seem to be enjoying a little too much. "He kills for money. I murder because I like it"?

NYSSA:

Verisimilitude. If we don't make it convincing we'll be executed and then Tegan and Adric will be stuck here forever.

DOCTOR:

Yes, yes all right. But you do realise that this plan requires us to actually assassinate the Duchess Miranda?

NYSSA:

It requires us to look like we're trying to. In the meantime, we're free. We can move around the palace, find Tegan and Adric and then leave in the TARDIS.

DOCTOR:

We don't have long. This carnival, or whatever it is, is happening this afternoon.

NYSSA:

So we need a plausible plan to show the Duke. Any ideas?

DOCTOR:

(SIGHS) Assassinations are really not my specialty.

NYSSA:

That floating platform we saw – the battle-sculler? What technology do you suppose that used?

DOCTOR:

Some kind of ionisation cushion I imagine.

NYSSA:

Does that work as well at smaller scales?

DOCTOR:

I see what you're thinking. Hmm. it could be done I suppose. Maybe we could adapt this tele-console here...

FX. DOCTOR STARTS FIDDLING WITH CONTROLS.

14. OUTSIDE THE DUCHESS'S GATE

FX. EXT ATMOS. A LARGE SCULLER HUMS IN READINESS. TEGAN AND ADRIC LEAVE THE PALACE.

MIRANDA:

Come on, now. We can't keep my public waiting. Get on board.

ADRIC:

We're going in... that?

MIRANDA:

Of course! (ADMIRING IT) Twenty five tons of gold-plated floating platform with twelve footmen and a driver wearing an enormous ceremonial hat! Believe me, I know how to make an entrance.

TEGAN:

But we're only going to the other side of the palace!

MIRANDA:

The whole crowd need to see my arrival and gasp at my majesty.

TEGAN:

Yeah, well, isn't that going to make you a bit of a target?

FX. TEGAN AND ADRIC CLIMB ABOARD.

MIRANDA:

Which is why I have engaged my royal protection squad. You'd take a bullet for me, wouldn't you Adric?

ADRIC:

(HESITANTLY) Of course, Your Grace.

MIRANDA:

A willing martyr – how wonderful. Now, no more dawdling, off we go.

FX. SCULLER TAKES OFF.

15. DUKE'S GUEST QUARTERS

FX. HUM OF A MINI VERSION OF THE SCULLERS.

SEBASTIAN:

My Lord Scorpion, this is a fantastic invention! What did you call it again?

DOCTOR:

It's a... um... (FLOUNDERS)

NYSSA:

A death drone!

DOCTOR:

A death drone. Quite so.

NYSSA:

Programmed to deliver a kill-region of murderous and corybantic violence.

AMELIA:

I am not familiar with these terms.

DOCTOR:

(UNDER HIS BREATH) They're quite new to me, too.

SEBASTIAN:

(INVESTIGATING THE MACHINE) So, you got the camera from the vid-com, and the ionising cushion from the sculler? And you put this all together yourself? In less time than it would take to feather a glob-chicken?

NYSSA:

The Scorpion is a technological genius.

DOCTOR:

Too kind.

AMELIA:

You'll need to remotely steer the device to the Duchess's wing of the palace. But keep it high. We don't want her guards shooting it down.

DOCTOR:

Actually, I also extracted a portable shield generator from one of your armoured windows. It could certainly withstand a few blasts without damage.

AMELIA:

It would still be better if it were kept out of sight.

NYSSA:

Yes, of course. Ready Doc- er, Scorpion.

DOCTOR:

Ready, Destroyer.

FX. DOCTOR OPERATES SOME CONTROLS. DRONE BEGINS TO HOVER.

DOCTOR:

And there, it's launched... off she goes...

FX. DRONE LAUNCHES THROUGH THE WINDOW THE 'LIVE' SOUND OF IT CROSSFADING WITH THE SAME SOUND COMING THROUGH A SPEAKER ON A VIDEO SCREEN. THE DOCTOR LEADS THE OTHERS TO THE SCREEN.

DOCTOR:

Now, we can see everything the drone sees on this screen here.

SEBASTIAN:

And that will solve my marital problem – how?

DOCTOR:

This is not just a mobile camera, Your Grace.

NYSSA:

The drone is armed with a deadly laser cannibalized from a rifle we borrowed from one of your guards.

AMELIA:

You're proposing to shoot the Duchess in broad daylight? That's not particularly subtle, is it?

NYSSA:

You told us she would be making the journey there and back by stage sculler, isn't that correct?

SEBASTIAN:

Yes. She loves making a spectacle of herself...

DOCTOR:

Well, then, a single exquisitely timed blast will destroy the drive unit. And if the shot is taken just as her transport rounds the corner, it will spin off into what will surely be a fatal crash.

NYSSA:

You just have to make sure that the official investigation shows mechanical failure as the cause.

SEBASTIAN:

As the Coroner-General is desperate to be made a Knight of the Privy in my next birthday honours list, I think that can be arranged. You think of everything, Scorpion.

NYSSA:

Yes, doesn't he?

AMELIA:

You control the machine from this console?

DOCTOR:

That's right. It's a bit fiddly at the moment, I'm afraid. I'll refine it a bit more for the next iteration.

AMELIA:

Oh, no, Scorpion. It looks perfectly simple. May I?

NYSSA:

(SLIGHT PANIC) I think it's best if The Scorpion remains at the controls.

AMELIA:

Oh really? And why is that?

NYSSA:

Well, because... because...

AMELIA:

Well, while you think of a reason, I want to try flying this machine.

FX. SHE TAKES THE CONTROLS.

DOCTOR:

(THE PLAN IS GOING WRONG) Careful now! Careful!

AMELIA:

Which button operates the laser?

DOCTOR:

That one, but Amelia, please...

SEBASTIAN:

Wait - what's that? Hovering from the east?

AMELIA:

It's the Duchess's stage sculler. It's approaching.

FX. DRONE CAMERA WHIRRS INTO FOCUS.

DOCTOR:

(DESPERATELY TRYING TO THINK OF A WAY OUT OF THIS) Ah now, I thought probably the best time to attempt this would be when The Duchess makes the journey back.

SEBASTIAN:

We may not get another opportunity like this.

DOCTOR:

Oh, yes, every chance you will. And in fact, having done this initial test run as it were, that increases the likelihood of a successful..

AMELIA

Your Grace – look it's her. I can see her clearly. But who's that next to her?

SEBASTIAN:

Others are of no consequence. Take the shot, Amelia! Fire! Now!

DOCTOR:

Nyssa! It's Adric and Tegan. They're on board too!

NYSSA:

What!?

SEBASTIAN:

Fire, I tell you! Fire!!

AMELIA:

Yes Your Grace.

FX. SWITCH IS PUSHED. A GREAT BLAST ROARS FROM THE SPEAKER.

MUSIC: CRASH IN TITLES.

End of Part One

PART TWO

MUSIC: OPENING THEME.

[REPRISE:

AMELIA

Your Grace – look it's her. I can see her clearly. But who's that next to her?

SEBASTIAN:

Others are of no consequence. Take the shot, Amelia! Fire! Now!

DOCTOR:

Nyssa! It's Adric and Tegan. They're on board too!

NYSSA:

What!?

SEBASTIAN:

Fire, I tell you! Fire!!

AMELIA:

Yes Your Grace.

FX. SWITCH IS PUSHED. A GREAT BLAST ROARS FROM THE SPEAKER.

END OF REPRISE. SCENE CONTINUES:]

16. INT. DUKE'S GUEST QUARTERS (CONT.)

SEBASTIAN:

You missed, you clot!

AMELIA:

I never miss. Scorpion, your weapon is defective.

DOCTOR:

(HIDING HIS RELIEF) Yes, I may have misconfigured the aiming mechanism. So hard to get these things right first time. We really only considered this a test flight.

SEBASTIAN:

Get the drone out of there before they capture it.

DOCTOR:

At once, Your Grace.

FX. DOCTOR OPERATES CONTROLS.

AMELIA:

Wait a moment. Scorpion – is that a second controller?

DOCTOR:

What this? Oh, yes. Yes it is. A reserve in case the...
er... main controller -

AMELIA:

(INTERRUPTING) You steered the drone away at the last
minute - didn't you?

NYSSA:

(FEIGNING SHOCK) My Lord Scorpion. We had the Duchess at
our mercy. Whatever possessed you?

DOCTOR:

Well, I can explain.

SEBASTIAN:

I'm glad to hear it.

DOCTOR:

Right. Well...

17. OUTSIDE THE PALACE

FX. MIRANDA, ADRIC AND TEGAN DISEMBARK THE STAGE-SCULLER WHOSE ENGINES SLOWLY COME TO A STOP.

MIRANDA:

(FUMING) I cannot believe it.

TEGAN:

Your Grace, let's find some cover. That laser blast was meant for you.

MIRANDA:

(SARCASTIC) Oh, you think so, do you – genius? (SHOUTING AT THE SKY) You miserable, flatulent, half-witted, cheapskate! Is there no task you can't fumble?

ADRIC:

You can't stand there in the open.

MIRANDA:

Whatever assassin my penny-pinching husband has hired clearly couldn't hit a sculler from the inside. I'm probably safest out in the open. What if the next shot blows up a tree?

TEGAN:

You're annoyed because they missed you?

MIRANDA:

At least if the sculler was hit and we'd actually crashed, I'd get some sympathy. Public opinion would be on my side.

ADRIC:

Assuming you weren't dead.

MIRANDA:

Maybe we can salvage something? Suggest to the press that the driver was drunk, putting my life in danger in a near-fatal crash.

ADRIC:

It was on auto-pilot!

MIRANDA:

But think of the public sympathy. The flowers. The tear-stained notes of sympathy. The poor sobbing children! Aaughh!

FX. THE DUCHESS THROWS HERSELF TO THE GROUND, ROLLING AND SPLASHING IN MUD.

TEGAN:

Your Grace! What are you doing?

ADRIC:

Here, let me help you up.

FX. ADRIC TRIES TO HELP HER, BUT SHE PUSHES HIM AWAY.

MIRANDA:

Get your clumsy hands off.

FX. SHE GETS UP.

How do I look?

TEGAN:

As if you've been mud-wrestling a warthog.

MIRANDA:

(CORRECTING HER) No. As if my sculler was shot at and I was thrown clear. Now, if I can find a photographer, I can at least get some pictures of me covered in the mud and salvage something from this PR disaster. The public need to see me as a sympathetic, lonely figure who has been trampled all over by that starched-up mummy's boy of a Duke. You, Adric, scuttle that sculler.

ADRIC:

Me, Your Grace? But - how?

MIRANDA:

Overload the engines. Just keep pushing buttons until it starts making unpleasant noises.

TEGAN:

But how will we get to the Pavilion now?

MIRANDA:

We'll have to walk. Or has the Grand Order of Alzarius banned walking as well as not asking dumb questions?

ADRIC:

No, no, it's fine.

FX. HE GOES BACK ON BOARD. MIRANDA SQUELCHES OFF.

TEGAN:

(UNCERTAIN WHO TO STICK WITH) Should I come with you?

MIRANDA: (OFF)

Help Adric blow that thing up first. Then meet me there.

TEGAN:

Your Grace, I don't think...

FX. MIRANDA STOPS WALKING.

MIRANDA: (OFF)

(INTERRUPTING) You two have liberty only for as long as I sanction it. So you might want to do as you're told!

TEGAN:

(RESIGNED) Of course, Your Grace.

FX. MIRANDA SQUELCHES OFF.

TEGAN:

Right then. Let's scuttle a sculler.

FX. SCULLER EMERGENCY PARACHUTE FIRES. IT DEPLOYS AND ENVELOPS TEGAN.

TEGAN:

(SHOCKED, MUFFLED) Aarggh!

ADRIC: (FROM ON BOARD THE SCULLER)

Sorry. I thought I had it there. Apparently, it was just the emergency parachute. Tegan? Tegan?

TEGAN:

(MUFFLED) I hate this planet.

18. DUKE'S CHAMBERS**SEBASTIAN:**

Decoy? What are you talking about?

DOCTOR:

A decoy. A look-alike. Not the real Duchess.

SEBASTIAN:

Are you telling me I can't recognise my own wife?

NYSSA:

Of course not, it was an excellent disguise. Achieved through holo-technology no doubt.

AMELIA:

Such technology is banned.

SEBASTIAN:

But how could you tell, Scorpion?

DOCTOR:

Well, when you've been in the, um, assassination trade for as long as I have, you learn to think the way the enemy thinks. Imagine if Nyssa's aim had been true. The sculler would have been hit, the Duchess's decoy would have been killed, then the real Duchess would have announced that you'd hired someone to have her murdered.

NYSSA:

It would have been a public relations disaster.

AMELIA:

For a hardened killer, you seem uncommonly concerned with the niceties of public perception.

DOCTOR:

Well, you know. I'm less a killer for hire and more a problem-solver.

SEBASTIAN:

In what way?

DOCTOR:

Stage-managing the whole process from contract to grave as it were. Forging a real partnership to secure your, er... termination objectives. That's what you get when you hire me - ah, hire us - to take care of these complexities for you.

NYSSA:

Anyone can fire a gun. We're the complete package.

SEBASTIAN:

(CONFUSED) Yes, I see.

AMELIA:

But when the time comes to point that gun – and to pull the trigger. Can we be sure you won't hesitate?

NYSSA:

I've left a trail of stinking corpses behind me which...

AMELIA:

I'm not talking to you. I'm talking to The Scorpion. For the fee we're paying, I want his personal assurance.

DOCTOR:

I can guarantee you, Amelia, that when I have the Duchess in my sights, I won't hesitate to live up to my reputation.

NYSSA:

What shall we do with the drone of death, my Lord Scorpion?

DOCTOR:

Pilot it back here.

SEBASTIAN:

Back here?

DOCTOR:

We don't want the Duchess's guards seeing it, do we?

AMELIA:

Certainly not. But we need another plan. The first race is in less than an hour.

DOCTOR:

We should scout out the Royal Pavilion, decide where the next best vantage point might be.

SEBASTIAN:

Agreed. Get your "drone" safely back here and then Amelia will take you to the Pavilion.

19. INT. THE FORTRESS OF GALLERIA

FX. ECHOEY MARBLE HALLS. LADY CROZION IS DOING SOME EMBROIDERY BY THE FIRE. LORD CROZION BURSTS IN. HE IS CHOLERIC; SHE IS SANGUINE.

LORD CROZION:

It's an outrage! How dare he treat our daughter in such a fashion?

LADY CROZION:

What is it now, dear?

LORD CROZION:

The reports coming back from Cardenas are incendiary. I told you that pompous little upstart wasn't a suitable husband.

LADY CROZION:

That "pompous little upstart" is the Duke of Cardenas. And through that marriage, our dear sweet girl is a Duchess. The House of Cardenas united with the House of Crozion.

LORD CROZION:

I really don't know why I have to do fealty to that lot. Mongrel royalty. Do you know most of them are descended from merchants? They had to buy their own porcelain.

LADY CROZION:

Darling, Cardenas is now the highest of salute states. Twenty-one guns sounded to signify their ruler's arrival. We're only worth nine.

LORD CROZION:

As you never fail to remind me.

LADY CROZION:

What are you going to do?

LORD CROZION:

What do you mean, what am I going to do?

LADY CROZION:

I know what happens when you're in one of these moods. A foul-mouthed outburst, some inappropriate remarks about any well-wishers in range, followed by a quip at the expense of the lame.

LORD CROZION:

Nonsense! I'm a changed man!

LADY CROZION:

You'd better be, because we all know what happens when you get in one of your real grumps. And if I hear you've been gambling again...

LORD CROZION:

(GUILTY BLUSTER) Of course not!

LADY CROZION:

I will be especially displeased if you place a wager on the Battle of the Equinoids. It would be the depth of uncouthness to try and make money out of our daughter's celebration.

LORD CROZION:

I wouldn't dream of such a thing!

LADY CROZION:

Good.

LORD CROZION:

(MUTTERING, TO HIMSELF) No more than ten thousand credits on the nose.

20. THE GREAT SQUARE

FX. PRE-RACE ATMOS.

CROWD WILDTRACK:

(SPECTATORS AWAITING THE RACE, GENERAL SOUNDS OF APPRECIATION, BETS BEING PLACED ETC.)

FX. THE DOCTOR, AMELIA AND NYSSA STRIDE ACROSS THE SQUARE.

DOCTOR:

This is wonderful. I haven't been to the races since Glorious Goodwood in 1947.

AMELIA:

What's Glorious Goodwood?

NYSSA:

The Scorpion is referring to a massacre we carried out on one of the colonies of Old Earth. The sky rained death through the rangy screams of curdled star rats.

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO VOCE) "Curdled star rats"?

NYSSA:

(SOTTO VOCE) Gives it a bit of colour.

DOCTOR:

I think Amelia can do without the old war stories. We favour a lighter touch these days. More sophistication in our business model. Now - Nyssa the Destroyer and I need to get much closer to the Duchess's entourage to properly assess their defences.

AMELIA:

That seems reasonable, I suppose.

DOCTOR:

And that's going to be quite difficult if we're seen with the Duke's chief courtier. So why don't you run along and practise some protocol while we do some reconnaissance?

AMELIA:

Very well, Scorpion. But if you fail again, your lives will be forfeit.

DOCTOR:

I was rather taking that as a given.

FX. AMELIA WALKS AWAY.

DOCTOR:

Right, let's find Adric and Tegan and get out of here. They didn't look as if they were prisoners of the Duchess.

NYSSA:

I wonder what story they told to stay alive?

DOCTOR:

I doubt it featured any star rats, curdled or otherwise. Still, as long as they haven't brought drone warfare to a peaceful planet, I won't mind too much.

NYSSA:

It wasn't exactly a peaceful planet to begin with, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

No. Still, it could do without flying laser rifles. Remind me to destroy that drone before we leave.

NYSSA:

Doctor - wait! On the far side of the square... Covered in mud... Isn't that the Duchess?

DOCTOR:

Yes, I think it is. Come on!

FX. THEY DISAPPEAR INTO THE CROWD.

21. ANOTHER PART OF THE GREAT SQUARE

CROWD WILDTRACK:

(SPECTATORS AT THE RACE, AS BEFORE.)

MIRANDA:

(TO HERSELF) This is not the kind of entrance I had in mind.

FX. DOCTOR AND NYSSA APPROACH.

DOCTOR:

Your Grace!

MIRANDA:

At last! Where do you want me?

DOCTOR:

Want you?

MIRANDA:

For the photographs. You are Press, aren't you?

NYSSA:

I'm afraid not, Your Grace.

MIRANDA:

Then who are you? What do you want?

DOCTOR:

I think you may know some friends of ours.

MIRANDA:

Possibly. I do have a lot of friends. And many supporters.

NYSSA:

Adric and Tegan. They were with you, in that craft.

MIRANDA:

Adric and Tegan? From... The Grand Order of Alzarius?

NYSSA:

The Grand Order [of what?]

DOCTOR:

(INTERRUPTING HASTILY) That's them. Look, it would be very helpful if you could point them in our direction.

MIRANDA:

I'm sorry, whoever you are, I'm a little distressed at the moment. As you can see from my appearance, I was in a horrendous crash. My sculler was completely destroyed.

NYSSA:

No it wasn't. It was barely [grazed].

FX. DISTANT SOUND OF A SCULLER BLOWING UP. SLIGHT PANIC AMONG CROWD.

CROWD WILDTRACK:

(SLIGHT PANIC IN RESPONSE TO THE EXPLOSION.)

MIRANDA:

You were saying? Now then, you know this couple do you? My newly-appointed Royal Protection Squad.

DOCTOR:

Catchy name.

NYSSA:

Very.

DOCTOR:

Yes, we know them. Listen Your Grace, I have some information for which I think you will be very grateful.

MIRANDA:

(SIGHS) Oh very well..

DOCTOR:

We're quite aware that your husband is trying to assassinate you. But I have a plan to foil him - as well as winning you the sympathy of the entire Duchy.

MIRANDA:

Now you have my attention.

22: THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE – BACK-STAGE

FX. "BACKSTAGE" IN THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE. HUBBUB OF THE GREAT SQUARE FILTERING IN FROM OUTSIDE.

AMELIA:

Your Grace, I am worried that we have placed too much trust in The Scorpion and his comrade.

SEBASTIAN:

For pity's sake, Amelia. Bringing in "consultants" was your idea. You even found justification for it in one of the Sacred Scrolls of Protocol.

AMELIA:

I know that, Your Grace. But don't you think they are both acting rather erratically?

SEBASTIAN:

I don't tend to mix with many assassins, Amelia, so I don't know what counts as erratic among their profession. We just need to give them a bit of time. Cardenas wasn't won in a day, you know.

AMELIA:

I don't trust them. We need to be on our guard against treachery.

SEBASTIAN:

Yes, yes, we'll be careful. Now, what do you think of my apparel? I thought the uniform of Colonel of the Cavalry of the Household would be suitably resplendent.

AMELIA:

Majestic, Sire.

SEBASTIAN:

Isn't it? Now, where is my ridiculous and very much alive wife? Go and check would you? I want to get this over with.

AMELIA:

Certainly, Your Grace.

FX. AMELIA LEAVES.

23. PALACE CORRIDOR

FX. MIRANDA MAKES HER WAY ALONG THE CORRIDOR.

MIRANDA:

(TO HERSELF) Oh, this will be my crowning achievement...

FX. A TAPESTRY IS WHIPPED ASIDE AND TOMEK APPEARS.

TOMEK:

Your Grace?

MIRANDA:

Tomek! You made me jump.

TOMEK:

Apologies, My Lady...

MIRANDA:

I have to get to the Royal Pavilion.

TOMEK:

Of course, but Your Grace – who was that strange individual you were talking to just now?

MIRANDA:

He's called the Doctor. He's the man my idiot husband hired to kill me.

TOMEK:

He's what?!

MIRANDA:

Oh, but then he told me he doesn't want to do any such thing. Hardly surprising. I'm adorable!

TOMEK:

Why is your own assassin telling you this?

MIRANDA:

He has a simply delicious plan! I'm going to be gunned down in front of the whole city. It's going to be so shocking!

TOMEK:

I don't understand.

MIRANDA:

It's all a trick. I'll plant the seeds in my speech and then when they see me murdered in my prime. Oh, Tomek! It will be marvellous.

TOMEK:

It... will?

MIRANDA:

In an instant I will have destroyed the Duke's reputation with the public. And I shall then be truly... the people's Duchess.

TOMEK:

You think you can fake your own death?

MIRANDA:

Yes, with a bit of help from you, Tomek. I've got eyes. I know you've been fooling around with holo-technology.

TOMEK:

I assure you...

MIRANDA:

Don't be silly. Everyone needs a hobby and one of the nice things about being chief courtier to the Duchess is it doesn't matter if your hobby is a teeny bit illegal.

TOMEK:

But I... I...

MIRANDA:

So, I need you to rustle something up. A special holo-surprise for the ceremony. I told the Doctor you could do it! Tomek, don't you see? This solves everything!

TOMEK:

It does?

MIRANDA:

I'll duck out of sight, and everyone will see a holo-image of me cut in two by a laser rifle. You just need to make sure no-one tries to inspect the body. Get them to put screens up straight away so no-one suspects an illusion.

TOMEK:

And then what?

MIRANDA:

The people will mourn, but a few days later I shall stage a glorious resurrection. A Royal miracle. I will then denounce the Duke as my failed assassin.

TOMEK:

Can we really trust this Doctor?

MIRANDA:

I'm certain. He has a charming other-worldly quality.

TOMEK:

That's what's worrying me.

FX. DISTANT BLAST OF TRUMPETS.

MIRANDA:

They're nearly ready!

TOMEK:

But I —

MIRANDA:

You don't have long, Tomek! He's just over there, go and make sure he has everything he needs.

FX. SHE SCAMPERS OFF.

TOMEK:

Just what are you playing at, "Doctor"?

24. OUTSIDE THE PALACE

FX. TEGAN AND ADRIC ARE WALKING.

TEGAN:

The Duchess was right. This palace is larger than you think.

ADRIC:

This is the West Gate coming up here. The Great Square should be just on the other side.

TEGAN:

Hold your horses, Boy Wonder.

FX. SHE STOPS HIM.

TEGAN:

There's an assassin out there who wants the Duchess dead. I'm not sure the best place for us is by her side.

ADRIC:

What makes you think there's an assassin who wants the Duchess dead?

TEGAN:

Have you gone funny or something? We were shot at!

ADRIC:

All we've seen is a single laser blast which missed the sculler entirely. It could have been an accident.

TEGAN:

Funny sort of accident.

ADRIC:

Anyway, our best chance of getting out of here alive is still to stick together.

TEGAN:

All right. We'll play it your way. For once.

ADRIC:

And remember, if we see the Duchess or that advisor of hers - try to seem like a hardened mercenary. Our lives depend on making this pretence completely believable.

TEGAN:

I knew I should have taken drama instead of geography.

FX. DISTANT TRUMPET FANFARE.

ADRIC:

It's starting. Come on...

FX. THEY SET OFF AGAIN.

25. THE ROYAL PAVILION — BACK-STAGE

FX. MIRANDA ENTERS.

MIRANDA:

(WITHOUT AFFECTION) Sebastian, my darling.

SEBASTIAN:

(ALSO COLDLY) Miranda, my own one. I must say the mud is a beautiful touch. It should play very well with the farming community.

MIRANDA:

A trifling incident with some very amateur assassins. Oh, what a lovely uniform.

SEBASTIAN:

Thank you.

MIRANDA:

Almost as many medals as father. Although, of course, he actually won his in battle.

SEBASTIAN:

(STEPS TOWARDS HER) Why, you little —!

MIRANDA:

(SUDDENLY FORCEFUL) Step away from the line.

SEBASTIAN:

What?!

MIRANDA:

Don't you dare step over the line.

SEBASTIAN:

You've actually had a line painted through the Royal Pavilion? Even over the podium?!

MIRANDA:

I have. Just so we know where the demarcation is. So one further step over that line and your head will no longer be connected to the rest of your torso.

FX. TRUMPETS SOUND. CURTAINS PART.

SEBASTIAN:

Our public awaits!

FX. HE STEPS OUT TO GREET THEM.

CROWD WILDTRACK:

(MODEST CHEERS)

SEBASTIAN:

People of Cardendas. Welcome to this most glorious day.

CROWD WILDTRACK:

(FEW MORE CHEERS, NOT VERY ENTHUSIASTIC)

MIRANDA:

(TO HERSELF) Amateur.

FX. MIRANDA SWEEPS OUT.

CROWD WILDTRACK:

(CROWD GOES CRAZY.)

SEBASTIAN:

My people... My... (HE IS DROWNED OUT BY THE CROWD)

MIRANDA:

People of Cardenas! This should be a day of rejoicing. But it grieves me to inform you that our city is under attack. My own transport was fired upon on my way here.

FX. WE CROSS TO THE NEXT SCENE BUT HER SPEECH CONTINUES FAINTLY UNDERNEATH THAT SCENE'S ACTION, THEREFORE:

A shameful, cowardly act no doubt committed by a truly pathetic, disgraceful and stupid man. The sort of man that one could barely bring oneself to look at. The sort of man who disgraces the very name of Cardenas simply by breathing its air.

We live in dangerous times. But take heart my beautiful people, I will not give in to the childish attacks of fools. I will go on, leading you, as I always have, with great love and great wisdom. I will watch over you. I will protect you from those who seek to make Cardenas anything less than the paradise it currently is. For am I not your Duchess? Do I not always have your best interests to heart? I am your protector, your mother. Albeit an exceptionally youthful one.

My father always said to me, 'Miranda,' he said, 'you must rule with both kindness and wisdom.' A wise man, my father, who also taught me everything I know about Equinoids so you would do far worse than place a bet on my horse because, like me, it simply will not accept anything other than success.

So however bad it seems, however disheartened you may feel when you consider how anyone could wish to harm your Duchess. Remember that.

26. THE GREAT SQUARE

FX. DOCTOR AND NYSSA HURRYING THROUGH THE CROWD.
MIRANDA'S SPEECH FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE RUNNING
UNDERNEATH, FAINTLY.

NYSSA:

I can't see them, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

We need to get higher up.

FX. AMELIA APPROACHES.

AMELIA:

I thought that was the point of your drone device?

DOCTOR:

Ah, Amelia! Yes, well, we're still ironing out the bugs there, aren't we? And we don't have much time. We need to get in position before she finishes speaking.

AMELIA:

There is nothing that pleases the Duchess quite so much as the sound of her own voice. Her speech will last a good while longer. Besides, they will be there for the race, you have plenty of time.

DOCTOR:

Right then. If we can make it to the top of one of those palace turrets, then, ah... er...

NYSSA:

We might be able to get a clear shot.

AMELIA:

Yes okay. I'll get you past the guards. Where's your weapon? Once you get to the turret, how do you propose to gun down the Duchess?

DOCTOR:

Ah. Well, you see...

NYSSA:

Is there any chance you could provide us with a laser rifle, Amelia?

AMELIA:

(VERY LONG-SUFFERING) We can go via the armoury.

DOCTOR:

Most kind.

AMELIA:

I have heard so many stories about the terrible Scorpion, who kills without mercy and whose plans are ice cold.

DOCTOR:

I see my reputation precedes me...

AMELIA:

I little expected you to babble like a fool and to be so limited in your arsenal.

DOCTOR:

Like any good assassin, I'm full of surprises.

27. THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE – PODIUM**MIRANDA:**

Because I tell you, people of Cardenas. I shall prevail!
You shall prevail! We shall all... prevail!

CROWD WILDTRACK:

(CROWD GOES BANANAS)

SEBASTIAN:

Ladies and gentlemen, the first race is due to start. We begin with the Grand Cup of Cardenas. Good luck everyone.

FX. THEY STEP OFF THE PODIUM AND TAKE THEIR SEATS.

SEBASTIAN:

You really were milking that "assassination attempt" stuff, darling. Honestly, it sounds like a simple mechanical failure to me.

MIRANDA:

The sculler is a write-off.

SEBASTIAN:

I wouldn't be surprised if you'd blown it up yourself.
(CHANGES SUBJECT) So who do you think is going to win the Grand Cup of Cardenas?

MIRANDA:

Certainly not your stumbling little contraption.

SEBASTIAN:

(AMUSED) Ask me what I've called it.

MIRANDA:

What?

SEBASTIAN:

My horse. Its race-name. In homage to my father. He so loved those operas of Old Earth. But also in your honour...

MIRANDA:

(SIGHS) Oh, very well. What's your horse's name?

SEBASTIAN:

The Cunning Little Vixen. Do you think the people will appreciate the erudition?

MIRANDA:

I'll let you know when I detect any. I've followed your father's tradition in naming my horse too.

SEBASTIAN:

And...?

MIRANDA:

Dead. Man. Walking.

SEBASTIAN:

How droll. Let's see whether you're still so chipper when your horse comes in ninth out of five!

28. RACE-TRACK

FX. ROBOTIC WHINNIES. PISTONS AND COGS AS THE ROBOTIC HORSES GET READY FOR THE RACE. STARTING GUN FIRES._

CROWD WILDTRACK:
(CHEERING)

COMMENTATOR:
And they're off! Cunning Little Vixen has made a strong start, Dead Man Walking close behind. Andromeda and Mine's a Camel are in third and fourth, with Bannerman's Child trailing the whole pack...

FX. GALLOPING OF ROBOT HORSES. WE FADE OUT.

29. PALACE TOWER - STAIRS

FX. NYSSA AND THE DOCTOR ARE CLIMBING THE STEPS. SOUND OF THE RACE IN THE BACKGROUND.

NYSSA:

(EFFORT OF CLIMBING STEPS) I thought you said the holo-technology would create the perfect illusion?

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT OF CLIMBING STEPS) Well, yes it should. As soon as the Duchess triggers it, everyone will see the image of her being shot by laser fire.

NYSSA:

So we don't actually need to fire a laser at her?

DOCTOR:

No, but we don't want the Duke's chef courtier knowing that, do we? They still need to think that we're carrying out the, ah (TRYING TO THINK OF THE WORD) ... hit. So you'll need to hang on to that gun.

NYSSA:

I think this is a very bad idea.

DOCTOR:

I thought it was rather elegant. The Duke thinks we've done his dirty work for him. The Duchess plays along for the PR boost. And in the confusion, we find Adric and Tegan, get back to the TARDIS and re-materialise someone much more civilised. Like the Spanish Inquisition.

NYSSA:

(SARCASTIC) What could possibly go wrong?

DOCTOR:

Exactly. Come on, nearly at the top now. (ARRIVES) Whew!

FX. THE DOCTOR AND NYSSA STOP CLIMBING.

NYSSA:

What should I do with this gun now?

DOCTOR:

Just point it out the window.

NYSSA:

But...

DOCTOR:

For form's sake. (TO HIMSELF) I've got some electro-binoculars somewhere...

FX. PATS HIS POCKETS.

DOCTOR:

Aha!

FX. HE PULLS THEM OUT. LOOKS THROUGH THEM, THEY WHIRR AS HE ZOOMS IN.

NYSSA:

Any sign of Adric or Tegan?

DOCTOR:

Yes! There they are! Talking to her chief courtier.

30. THE GREAT SQUARE

FX. GENERAL CROWD ATMOS, THE RACE VERY FAINT IN THE BACKGROUND.

TOMEK:

So, here you are. You should have stayed by the Duchess Miranda's side. Not wandered off.

ADRIC:

We were obeying the Duchess Miranda's instructions!

TOMEK:

What kind of protection squad are you?!

TEGAN:

Very good ones!

TOMEK:

In which case you need to "de-commission" the Scorpion.

TEGAN:

The Scorpion?

TOMEK:

Indeed, the infamous assassin has been located – along with his deadly accomplice, Nyssa the Destroyer.

ADRIC:

Nyssa... the Destroyer?

TOMEK:

Precisely. You must go to them immediately and put them out of our misery.

TEGAN:

Only too happy to.

ADRIC:

Lead the way.

31. PALACE TURRET

NYSSA:

When's the Duchess going to trigger the illusion?

DOCTOR:

As soon as the first race finishes. Don't worry, Nyssa. I've considered every eventuality.

FX. FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS BELOW, VERY DISTANT.

NYSSA:

Someone's coming up the stairs. Listen. (BEAT) Did you consider that eventuality?

DOCTOR:

Actually, no...

32. RACE-TRACK

WILD TRACK:
(CHEERING)

COMMENTATOR:

What an incredible finish! It's Dead Man Walking first, Cunning Little Vixen second, Vertoid Nebula third, Bannerman's Child fourth beating Mine's a Camel, which comes in last. So it's a victory for Dead Man Walking and the first prize for Duchess Miranda!

WILD TRACK:
(CHEERING)

33. PALACE TURRET

FX. FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS GET CLOSER.

DOCTOR:

It might be Amelia coming to check up on us! Keep the gun pointed at the Duchess.

NYSSA:

All right. What's going on out there? Are Adric and Tegan still talking to that courtier?

DOCTOR:

No. I've lost track of them.

FX. DOOR BURSTS OPEN, ADRIC AND TEGAN ENTER.

ADRIC:

Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Adric!

TEGAN:

Nyssa!

NYSSA:

Tegan!

TEGAN:

What do you think you're doing?

NYSSA:

Trying to prevent more bloodshed!

TEGAN:

With a huge laser gun!?

DOCTOR:

Please, let me explain...

34. THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE – PODIUM

CROWD:

(CHEERING)

MIRANDA:

(ADDRESSES THE CROWD) I don't want you to think about this victory as a triumph of a wife over her husband – even though it absolutely is – rather it is the triumph of superior-

FX. BLASTER BOLT SIZZLES PAST HER.

MIRANDA:

(TO HERSELF) That wasn't part of the plan.

FX. ANOTHER BLASTER BOLT STRIKES THE DUCHESS.

MIRANDA:

(CRIES OUT)

SEBASTIAN:

Miranda!

FX. HER BODY HITS THE FLOOR.

35. PALACE TURRET

NYSSA:

Why's it gone so quiet?

FX. WHIRR OF BINOCULARS.

DOCTOR:

Nyssa, put down the rifle.

NYSSA:

But I thought you [wanted me to] -

TEGAN:

Do as the Doctor says Nyssa.

NYSSA:

Why? What's the Duchess up to?

ADRIC:

Not a lot.

DOCTOR:

Nyssa, I think the Duchess is dead.

MUSIC: CRASH IN TITLES.

END OF PART TWO.

PART THREE

[REPRISE

NYSSA:

Why's it gone so quiet?

FX. WHIRR OF BINOCULARS.

DOCTOR:

Nyssa, put down the rifle.

NYSSA:

But I thought you [wanted me to] –

TEGAN:

Do as the Doctor says Nyssa.

NYSSA:

Why? What's the Duchess up to?

ADRIC:

Not a lot.

DOCTOR:

Nyssa, I think the Duchess is dead.

END OF REPRISE.]

36. PALACE TURRET (CONT)

NYSSA:

What?! But I haven't fired yet!

DOCTOR:

Well someone evidently beat you to it.

TEGAN:

Hold on. You mean you intended for Nyssa to murder the Duchess!?

DOCTOR:

Please, Tegan, I'm a Time Lord not a butcher. It was part of a plan.

FX. DISTANT COMMOTION OF APPROACHING GUARDS COMING UP FROM THE BASE OF THE TURRET.

NYSSA:

The guards are coming, Doctor.

ADRIC:

So what was this plan of yours, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

We worked with the Duchess's chief courtier to create a hologram of her – the Duchess – being assassinated.

NYSSA:

The Duke wanted us to kill her and we needed him to believe that's what we'd done – otherwise our lives were forfeit.

TEGAN:

So, what's gone wrong? How do you know the Duchess hasn't just activated the hologram?

FX. THE DOCTOR HANDS TEGAN THE BINOCULARS.

DOCTOR:

See for yourself. There are scorch marks on the podium. Nyssa didn't fire at her, but somebody did. And if they hit the Duchess before she could activate the hologram, then I'm afraid she's already dead.

TEGAN:

(LOOKING THROUGH THE BINOCULARS) She sure looks dead to me. I guess this puts an end to our plan.

NYSSA:

Your plan?

ADRIC:

It was pretty similar to yours actually. We persuaded the Duchess that we were assassins and that we could assassinate her assassins before they struck.

TEGAN:

And before you ask – our lives were forfeit too.

FX. FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING FROM OUTSIDE.

DOCTOR:

Right, well, we have to keep up the pretence.

TEGAN:

Which one?!

DOCTOR:

Both of them!

FX. DOOR OPENS, AMELIA ENTERS WITH GUARDS.

AMELIA:

(PANTING SLIGHTLY) So, who do we have here?

(A PAUSE – THEN EVERYONE SPEAKS AT ONCE)

NYSSA:

Nyssa the Destroyer of Traken...

TEGAN:

Tegan the hand-maiden of death...

DOCTOR:

The Scorpion, sting of destruction...

ADRIC:

Adric, hunter of the damned...

AMELIA:

Enough! Guards. Arrest the Scorpion and Nyssa. Assassins who have just murdered our sweet Duchess.

FX. GUARDS RESTRAIN THE DOCTOR AND NYSSA.

DOCTOR & NYSSA:

(RESPONSE SOUNDS TO BEING GRABBED)

DOCTOR:

But we're supposed to be on your side!

AMELIA:

Silence! And who exactly are you two? Spare me the monikers.

ADRIC:

We work – worked – for the Duchess. We received word that a dangerous assassin had made planet-fall and that his intention was to murder the Duchess.

TEGAN:

We were here to make sure that didn't happen. By killing these snivelling curs.

AMELIA:

Well, go on then.

TEGAN:

I'm sorry?

AMELIA:

Kill them. My guards will hold them for you.

ADRIC:

Unfortunately we were... in such a hurry to get here that we... left our guns behind.

AMELIA:

Assassins who forget their own guns?

TEGAN:

We've had a lot on, lady!

ADRIC:

Perhaps we could pop back and get them?

AMELIA:

Guard Captain, give the female your gun.

DUKE'S GUARD:

Yes, ma'am.

FX. GUARD HANDS OVER LASER RIFLE.

AMELIA:

Go on. Take it.

A PAUSE

TEGAN:

We wouldn't want to make a mess.

AMELIA:

Right well, let's try it the other way round then. Nyssa the Destroyer, take your rifle and kindly terminate Tegan and Adric, with it.

NYSSA:

With pleasure. (EFFORT OF LIFTING)

FX. NYSSA HEFTS THE HEAVY LASER RIFLE.

TEGAN:

What?

ADRIC:

Nyssa!

NYSSA:

Trouble is it's so heavy that...

FX. A SHOT IS FIRED AND RICOCHETS OFF THE WALL.

NYSSA:

...my aim may not quite be true!

ADRIC:

Tegan! Run!

FX. TEGAN AND ADRIC RACE OUT.

AMELIA:

You two, get after them.

FX. TWO GUARDS RUN AFTER TEGAN AND ADRIC.

AMELIA:

You two, throw these annoying people in a cell.

DOCTOR:

(SIGHS) We know the way.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

37. DUKE'S CELLS

FX. HEAVY PRISON DOOR CLANGS SHUT AND IS LOCKED. GUARD STOMPS AWAY.

NYSSA:

Here we are again, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

I can't think what went wrong.

NYSSA:

As far as the Duke is concerned, we carried out his instructions. He should be grateful. Amelia was probably playing up for the benefit of those guards.

DOCTOR:

Let's hope so. The people of Cardenas will need someone to blame for the death of the Duchess though. If she really is even dead.

FX. DOOR OPENS AND SEBASTIAN ENTERS.

DOCTOR:

Your Grace!

NYSSA:

You've come to release us. About time too!

SEBASTIAN:

I'm not sure I can. Not just yet. You were clumsy to let yourselves get captured. I'm very pleased and will pay your fee, of course, but we will have to keep you under lock and key for a while, for appearances.

DOCTOR:

Yes, I quite understand.

NYSSA:

(SOTTO) Doctor!

DOCTOR:

I mean to say, that's outrageous!

SEBASTIAN:

It won't be for long, Scorpion. Apparently, the Duchess hired a pair of ne'er-do-wells from off-world to serve as her bodyguards. Evidently, they decided that it would be more profitable to kill her.

NYSSA:

More profitable?

SEBASTIAN:

Doubtless they planned to rob the royal quarters in the ensuing confusion. Still, when they are both captured, they will make fine scapegoats. Then the people of Cardenas will rally around the grieving husband – who will also be permitted to keep his late wife's dowry.

DOCTOR:

You've thought it all out, haven't you? And these ne'er-do-wells.

SEBASTIAN:

The guards have orders to shoot them on sight.

38. THE THRONE ROOM

FX. ADRIC AND TEGAN ENTER, CAUTIOUSLY. THEY SPEAK IN HUSHED TONES.

TEGAN:

Where are we?

ADRIC:

Looks like the throne room. Painted half red and half blue – neutral territory. We can hide here.

TEGAN:

Why aren't we trying to get away?

ADRIC:

Because that's what the guards will expect. Outside the palace, we'd be gunned down immediately.

FX. MIRANDA SPEAKS FROM THE SHADOWS.

MIRANDA:

He's quite right, Tegan.

ADRIC:

Your Grace!

TEGAN:

You're alive!

MIRANDA:

Of course I am. Your friend the Doctor's plan worked perfectly.

TEGAN:

The Doctor?

MIRANDA:

Don't be coy. I know you've been working together. I triggered the hologram when the race finished as planned and then ducked out of sight. I didn't realise he was going to shoot a real laser at me too, but I suppose it added to the verisimilitude. A bit of warning would have been nice. The thing almost took off my eyebrows.

TEGAN:

Palace guards are trying to have us arrested.

ADRIC:

Shot

TEGAN:

Shot. They seem to think we're in some way to blame for your death.

ADRIC:

You have to let them know you're alive.

MIRANDA:

I'm not about to make my presence known quite yet. I must wait for the perfect moment. The people will be overwhelmed by grief at my premature death. The present sobbing and wailing needs time to build into a tsunami of grief and mass hysteria which will inundate Cardenas. (BEAT) A couple of days should do it.

TEGAN:

You mean you won't help us?

MIRANDA:

Quite the reverse. The people need to see that justice is done. They need my death avenged.

ADRIC:

After all we've done for you?

MIRANDA:

That's the problem. Give it a year and you'll both decide to cash in on your story. I've been here so many times. A disgruntled equerry's kiss and tell here, an exclusive from a formerly-loyal footman there. God knows what damage you two could do.

TEGAN:

But you're condemning us to death!

MIRANDA:

Assassination's a dangerous trade.

FX. SHE PUSHES A BUTTON. ALARMS START SOUNDING.

MIRANDA:

That's the intruder alert. Those trigger-happy guards will be here at any moment. Make sure you give them a good chase before they shoot you down.

TEGAN:

Why you —

ADRIC:

Come on, Tegan, let's get out of here.

TEGAN:

You've not seen the last of us, Duchess!

FX. THEY RUN OFF.

39. DUKE'S CELLS

(THE DOCTOR AND SEBASTIAN ARE IN MID-CONVERSATION)

SEBASTIAN:

Nonsense, Scorpion. There's nothing which they could possibly tell us which we don't already know. Better to just execute them.

DOCTOR:

But those two strangers could have valuable information.

SEBASTIAN:

Precisely. And they may start giving that valuable information to our enemies. You, Scorpion, with your keen ear for a compelling narrative must appreciate that. I suggest you let my guards do their job, and then you and the Destroyer can take your bounty and go.

FX. IN THE DISTANCE, TRUMPETS SOUND. AMELIA ENTERS.

AMELIA:

(SLIGHTLY OUT OF BREATH) Your Grace! Lord and Lady Crozion's cruise-sculler has just landed.

NYSSA:

Lord... who?

SEBASTIAN:

Miranda's parents. What are they doing here?! Amelia - is the Duchess's body still on the podium?

AMELIA:

No-one has moved it, Your Grace.

SEBASTIAN:

They mustn't see it! Has the news blackout held?

AMELIA:

Censor-notices are in place. The Correspondents-Royal are yet to report a word.

SEBASTIAN:

We need to break the news to them gently. In a way that doesn't provoke a declaration of war. Amelia, with me!

DOCTOR:

Just a moment! I need to inspect the body.

SEBASTIAN:

Inspect the body? Why?

AMELIA:

Your Grace – Lord Crozion is almost here.

DOCTOR:

The Duchess was a very cunning adversary. It's possible she may have fooled us.

AMELIA:

Foiled us? How?

DOCTOR:

She may have substituted a double. I've had experience of that happening in Royal Courts before. Please, Your Grace, the only way we can know for sure is if Nyssa and I examine the body before anyone else tampers with the evidence.

SEBASTIAN:

All right. Amelia – release the prisoners.

AMELIA:

Your Grace, I'm not sure if this is wise.

SEBASTIAN:

I'm not sure any of this was wise. Let them out. I'll try and intercept the inlaws.

FX. SEBASTIAN LEAVES.

DOCTOR:

You heard him, Amelia.

AMELIA:

What are you playing at, Scorpion?

DOCTOR:

Just trying to help. We'll take the back stairs, I think, Nyssa. Come on!

FX. THE DOCTOR AND NYSSA DASH OFF.

40. THE GREAT SQUARE

FX. HUM OF ACTIVITY. POLICE SCULLERS BUZZING ABOUT. PEOPLE BEING MOVED ON.

CROWD WILD-TRACK:

(POLICE MOVING PEOPLE ON, PEOPLE BEING MOVED ON)

FX. SEBASTIAN STRIDES INTO THE THRONG.

SEBASTIAN:

(PANICKY) What's going on? Guard Captain, get these people out of here.

DUKE'S GUARD:

We're doing our best, Your Grace.

SEBASTIAN:

Why is the podium cordoned off?

DUKE'S GUARD:

We have to document the crime scene. It mustn't be tampered with.

SEBASTIAN:

Quite right, quite right.

DUKE'S GUARD:

(AMUSED) I mean, it wouldn't do to document the crime scene after it's been tampered with, would it?

FX. CEREMONIAL TRUMPETS SOUND.

SEBASTIAN:

(TO HIMSELF) Here goes...

ROBOTIC USHER: (OFF, AMPLIFIED)

Presenting their most majestic highnesses - the Lord and Lady Crozion of Galleria.

FX. MORE TRUMPETS. LORD AND LADY CROZION APPROACH.

LORD CROZION:

Sebastian. What is the meaning of this?

SEBASTIAN:

Father! What a delightful surprise it is to see you both on our special day.

LORD CROZION:

Don't "father" me. You're not my son.

LADY CROZION:

And where is our daughter, on her special day?

SEBASTIAN:

Oh... not far. You should have told us you were coming.

LORD CROZION:

You should have invited us.

LADY CROZION:

I did think it was curious that we were not invited. I mean, it is our daughter's anniversary too.

LORD CROZION:

And what are all those screens for?

LADY CROZION:

Is that a med-sculler?

SEBASTIAN:

One of the Equinoids, er, took a tumble and... needed hydraulic repair.

LORD CROZION:

Why do you need a med-tech to fix a robot??

LADY CROZION:

Where is Miranda? The Equinoid didn't tumble on her did it?

SEBASTIAN:

Now, don't get excited, mother.

LORD CROZION:

If I look behind those screens - what will I find?

SEBASTIAN:

No-one. I mean: nothing. Look... There's been an accident. Miranda's been injured. She's being tended to behind those screens.

LADY CROZION:

You said they were treating an equinoid there.

SEBASTIAN:

I didn't want to upset you.

LORD CROZION:

I'm going to find out what's going on in there.

FX. LORD CROZION MAKES AS IF TO STRIDE AWAY.

SEBASTIAN:

All right! I'll tell you. A short while ago, as she raised the victory cup, your daughter, my wife, Miranda, was...

LADY CROZION:

Injured?

LORD CROZION:

Hurt?

SEBASTIAN:

Killed. By an assassin's blast.

LADY CROZION:

Killed?!

LORD CROZION:

Miranda! Our only daughter!

SEBASTIAN:

I am very sorry.

LORD CROZION:

I knew this match was folly, but I little expected to be attending her funeral after only a year. Damn you and damn all of Cardenas.

SEBASTIAN:

Now you can see why I wanted to break it to you gently.

LORD CROZION:

Diplomatic relations between Galleria and Cardenas are terminated. I demand the return of our entire dowry and if necessary, I shall take it by force.

SEBASTIAN:

Now, now. Let's not be hasty.

LADY CROZION:

How could you have let this happen, Sebastian? Assassins on the loose!

SEBASTIAN:

Not anymore. We have the miscreants in custody. That scourge of the seven systems known only as The Scorpion, and his terrible blood-thirsty associate Nyssa the [Destroyer] -

LORD CROZION:

(INTERRUPTING) This "Scorpion" that you claim to have safely under lock-and-key. What does he look like?

SEBASTIAN:

(THROWN BY THE QUESTION) Erm... Well, he's quite innocent looking actually. Probably explains why he's so successful at his job. You know, wolf in shep's clothing and so on. Tall fair-haired, striped trousers, wears a stupid hat? Why?

LORD CROZION:

Because he's over there on the podium waving to you.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

41. ON THE PODIUM

FX. SEBASTIAN AND THE CROZIONS HEADING OVER.

LORD CROZION: (OFF)

(SHOUTING) Murderous fiend!

DOCTOR:

(CALLS) Hardly that, come and look.

SEBASTIAN: (DASHING UP)

(HUSHED) What are you playing at? You're supposed to be staying out of sight.

NYSSA:

(HUSHED) The Scorpion knows what he's doing, Your Grace.

DOCTOR:

This way, Lord and Lady Crozion. Now, let's get these screens out of the way...

FX. DOCTOR MOVES THE SCREENS.

LORD CROZION:

There's nothing there.

DOCTOR:

Fascinating isn't it? Here are the scorch marks where the laser blast hit the podium. But no Duchess.

LADY CROZION:

What's going on? Sebastian - where is my daughter's body?

SEBASTIAN:

I... I... don't know.

LORD CROZION:

Then, can you tell us, young man?

DOCTOR:

I have no idea where she is. But I'm certain she's alive and well.

SEBASTIAN:

What are you talking about? I saw her slain.

NYSSA:

What everyone saw earlier was nothing more than a piece of political theatre. A hologram.

LADY CROZION:

A... hologram? Holography has been banned for generations.

DOCTOR:

Holography just saved your daughter's life.

NYSSA:

The Duke and Duchess were determined to finish each other off. We were trying to avoid bloodshed, so we resorted to trickery. A hologram of your daughter was assassinated in her place. It was just an illusion.

SEBASTIAN:

An illusion?! What sort of assassins are you!?

DOCTOR:

The illusory kind, Your Grace. I'm afraid I'm not really The Scorpion I'm the Doctor and Nyssa the Destroyer is just plain Nyssa of Traken. This has all been a terrible misunderstanding.

42. THE THRONE ROOM

FX. MIRANDA IS AT THE WINDOW SO WE CAN HEAR THE SOUND OF CROWDS BELOW.

TOMEK:

Your Grace, we should retire to the catacombs. You can safely stay out of sight down there.

MIRANDA:

Look out there, Tomek. I told my parents not to come, but do they listen? I expect my poor mother, will be beside herself. Sobbing over her fallen daughter. A reaction which admittedly, is deeply gratifying – and one I hope will be repeated throughout the Kingdom.

TOMEK:

Please, Your Grace. Someone will see you if you remain here much longer.

MIRANDA:

(SIGHS) What it is to have a conscience. (TO TOMEK) I have an idea. Follow me, Tomek.

FX. SHE LEAVES.

TOMEK:

Your Grace!

43. ON THE PODIUM

SEBASTIAN:

I will have you both executed for this!

DOCTOR:

There's really no need for threats Your Grace.

LORD CROZION:

Banned holo-technology. Mysterious off-worlders. Assassins firing lasers. My daughter is clearly not safe here. I shall return home with her and my troops will advance on Cardenas and kill anyone who does not support our cause.

LADY CROZION:

Where is our daughter?

MIRANDA: (FROM ACROSS THE COURTYARD, DRAWING IN)

I'm here, Mother. No assassin's laser can take the life of Miranda, Duchess of Cardenas!

SEBASTIAN:

Miranda!

LORD CROZION:

My daughter!

FX. HE GOES TO GREET HER.

LADY CROZION:

Wait for me, dear!

DOCTOR:

Honestly, the people of this planet do love to make an entrance, don't they?

NYSSA

A happy ending, of sorts

DOCTOR

Oh this is far from over, Nyssa.

MUSIC: SINISTER.

44. PALACE CORRIDORS

FX. TEGAN AND ADRIC ARE BEHIND A CURTAIN, PEERING OUT OF A WINDOW.

TEGAN:

What's going on? I can't see a thing.

ADRIC:

I can't hear a thing. Will you be quiet!

TEGAN:

We should go out there.

ADRIC:

What – and be arrested?

TEGAN:

It's what the Doctor would do.

ADRIC:

I know, it's an extremely annoying habit. Wait! I think something's happening. They're all running over to the other side of the square.

TEGAN:

Then this is our chance. Are you coming, or aren't you?

ADRIC:

I'm coming...

FX. THEY SWEEP THE CURTAIN ASIDE AND LEAVE TOGETHER.

45. THE DUCHESS'S END OF THE SQUARE

FX. MIRANDA'S PARENTS ARE EMBRACING HER.

LORD CROZION:

Oh, my dear. We thought you were dead.

LADY CROZION:

You mustn't frighten us like that, darling.

MIRANDA:

It's fine. It was little more than a prank, isn't that right Tomek? Tomek! Where is my advisor?

LORD CROZION:

A prank!?

SEBASTIAN:

(NERVOUS FALSE LAUGHTER) A most elaborate one. My congratulations, Miranda, for the effort involved. Now, can't we put our differences behind us and put our minds to other matters?

MIRANDA:

(SWEETLY) Like how to get your hands on my dowry?

LORD CROZION:

The people of Cardenas will shortly have a great deal to occupy their minds. Namely, the arrival of a fleet of Gallerian battle-scutlers.

SEBASTIAN:

But Miranda is alive and well! Surely you don't still intend to plunge our nations into war?

LORD CROZION:

I most certainly do!

FX. DOCTOR ARRIVES WITH NYSSA.

DOCTOR:

Perhaps I can intercede?

LORD CROZION:

You've done quite enough for one day, Scorpion or Doctor or whatever you're calling yourself.

DOCTOR:

Just the Doctor will do. Now, please will you all just listen to me for a moment?

LORD CROZION:

I have listened to quite enough. I shall contact my troops from, ah, that end of the square I think.

LADY CROZION:

(WITH AN EDGE) Where are you going, my dear?

LORD CROZION:

I just said, woman. Contacting the troops. Important matters of state. Etcetera etcetera.

LADY CROZION:

You're going to collect your winnings, aren't you?

LORD CROZION:

(CAUGHT OUT) My what? I mean to say, what the blazes makes you think you think that?

LADY CROZION:

You have a betting slip in your hand. (SIGHS) I thought we had discussed this.

SEBASTIAN:

So, your plan is to destroy the whole of Cardenas, take back your dowry by force, but not before you've relieved one of our hard-working bookmakers of his funds?

LORD CROZION:

I won't be spoken to like this. By any of you!

FX. HE LEAVES.

LADY CROZION:

Just a moment, Louis, I'm not finished with you.

FX. SHE FOLLOWS HIM.

SEBASTIAN:

Hypocritical old goat.

MIRANDA:

Oh, Sebastian. You are such a kill-joy.

SEBASTIAN:

This is all your fault. What did you think you were playing at? Faking your own death to make me look bad?

MIRANDA:

Well, I had to do something. I mean, if you will hire pathetic assassins.

SEBASTIAN:

You knew I was hiring assassins?

MIRANDA:

Half of Cardenas knew you were hiring assassins.

DOCTOR:

Yes, about that, Your Graces...

TEGAN:

(DISTANT - CRIES OUT) Get your hands off me!

NYSSA:

That sounded like Tegan!

ADRIC:

(DISTANT - CRIES OUT) Hey! We've done nothing wrong!

DOCTOR:

And Adric! Come on!

FX. THEY BOTH RUSH OFF.

46. THE GREAT SQUARE

FX. NYSSA AND THE DOCTOR RUSH OVER.

DOCTOR:

Lord Crozion – what are you doing?

LORD CROZION:

I caught them – I know off-worlders when I see them!

TEGAN:

Hello Doctor. Who's your friend?

DOCTOR:

This is Lord Crozion, Miranda's father.

ADRIC:

Can we get up please?

LADY CROZION:

Where did you get the gun, dear?

LORD CROZION:

I took it from the Gallerian armoury before we left. This city of Cardenas is barely civilised. A man never knows when he might be called upon to defend his honour. I take it these are the two who tried to take my daughter's life?

ADRIC:

Actually, we were hired to protect her.

DOCTOR:

Lord and Lady Crozion, I don't think you really want war – do you – all that fighting.

LORD CROZION:

The people of Cardenas have to be brought to heel...

NYSSA:

All that bloodshed, all that noise...

LORD CROZION:

The people are worms and must be crushed underfoot!

DOCTOR:

All that expense...

LORD CROZION:

Well, possibly, you have a point.

LADY CROZION:

But you can't expect us to allow our daughter's life to be ruined by that horrible man?

DOCTOR:

The throne room is neutral territory isn't it? Why don't we all meet there and talk things through?

TEGAN:

You're suggesting counselling?!

ADRIC:

I suppose it's better than pretending to be hired killers.

NYSSA:

I'm not sure it's any more likely to succeed though. Have you met those two? Irreconcilable differences, I'd say.

DOCTOR:

Have faith, Nyssa. As I once explained to dear old Tennyson, kind hearts are worth more than coronets.

MUSIC: SEGUE — LITTLE PASSAGE OF TIME.

47. THRONE ROOM**SEBASTIAN:**

(LOUD, ARGUING) I think you'll find that back on Galleria you were a nobody. Your brothers were all anyone talked about. Marrying me gave you this popularity you crave. Leave me and you leave all that behind!

MIRANDA:

(LOUD, ARGUING) You never loved me. I was just a dowry which happened to come in an inconvenient fleshy parcel. If you could have cashed me in for some middle-aged harridan who reminded you of your mother, I'm sure you would have!

DOCTOR:

(RISING ABOVE THEM) Both of you be quiet!! Please.

LORD CROZION:

This isn't getting us anywhere.

LADY CROZION:

If anything it's making it worse.

DOCTOR:

Look, I just think we need to approach this difficulty as... as leaders. The embodiment of all that is good and great about the state should be reflected in your own union.

LORD CROZION:

Have you been on some sort of course?

LADY CROZION:

No, no darling. I think we should all listen.

MUSIC: UNDER THE BELOW SPEECH, MUSIC SWELLS MAJESTICALLY.

DOCTOR:

For too long there have been three people in this marriage. The two of you, but also a third person. That person is jealousy. That person is disrespect. And that person is... undignified... unroyal. And in the years to come, you will want the historians to record that you saw through these difficulties and for the good of the Duchy, you put them aside, you said - "this union is not a candle that just blows and flickers in the wind, this union is noble and everlasting."

(BEAT)

LORD CROZION:

Extraordinary.

LADY CROZION:
Inspirational.

SEBASTIAN:
Truly touching.

MIRANDA:
Eloquent and profound.

(BEAT)

SEBASTIAN:
The woman still tried to murder me, though.

MIRANDA:
Only because you wanted me done in!!

LADY CROZION:
It's an outrage.

LORD CROZION:
I've had enough of this - I declare war!

DOCTOR:
Oh, I give up.

FX. CUT STRAIGHT TO NEXT SCENE.

48. OUTSIDE THE THRONE ROOM (CONT.)

FX. NYSSA OPENS THE DOOR CAUTIOUSLY.

SEBASTIAN: (IN THE OTHER ROOM)

(SHOUTING) Is that all I am to you? A new hat and some fancy titles?

MIRANDA: (IN THE OTHER ROOM)

(SHOUTING) I think you know what you can do with your fancy titles!

DOCTOR: (IN THE OTHER ROOM)

Both of you – please!

FX. NYSSA CLOSES THE DOOR AGAIN IN A HURRY.

NYSSA:

It doesn't sound like he's making progress.

TEGAN:

That marriage was over before it began.

ADRIC:

The Doctor can be very persuasive.

TEGAN:

Even if he could get those two to reconcile, he'd still have to prise Tomek away from Miranda's side.

NYSSA:

And Amelia away from Sebastian's.

ADRIC:

There's something strange going on there.

TEGAN:

You mean how everyone just has first names?

ADRIC:

Don't be silly.

TEGAN:

You're a fine one to talk! You and Nyssa too.

NYSSA:

What do you mean by "strange" Adric?

ADRIC:

Well, don't you think it's odd that we were accepted as off-world assassins so quickly and so easily?

TEGAN:

We've seen stranger things, travelling with the Doctor.

NYSSA:

No, wait a moment. Adric's right. Sebastian believed that the Doctor and I were hired killers straight away – because Amelia said she had contacted off-worlders for him.

ADRIC:

And Tomek couldn't wait for us to start protecting the Duchess.

NYSSA:

They keep criticising us, but they keep letting us put our plans into action...

TEGAN:

You reckon they're working together?

ADRIC:

Could be. And where are they now?

NYSSA:

Good question, I haven't seen either of them for a while.

FX. DOOR OPENS. SHOUTING AGAIN AS DOCTOR SLIPS THROUGH.

SEBASTIAN: (IN THE OTHER ROOM)

Foul harpy!!

MIRANDA: (IN THE OTHER ROOM)

Mummy's boy!!

FX. DOCTOR SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT.

DOCTOR:

Ah, there you all are.

TEGAN:

How's it going, Doc? You restored marital harmony yet?

DOCTOR:

We're getting there.

FX. MUFFLED SOUND OF SOMETHING PRECIOUS AND EXPENSIVE SHATTERING.

DOCTOR:

Slowly.

NYSSA:

Don't you think you should stay in there?

DOCTOR:

I think I can leave them to it for a bit. With any luck they'll tire themselves out.

ADRIC:

Have you seen the Duke's advisor lately? Or the
Duchess's?

DOCTOR:

No, why?

ADRIC:

I've got a hypothesis I'd like to discuss with you...

MUSIC: SEGUE.

49. THRONE ROOM

FX. DOOR OPENS SLOWLY.

DOCTOR:

Hello...? Your Graces?

SEBASTIAN:

(EXHAUSTED) You again, the fake Scorpion.

MIRANDA:

(EXHAUSTED) The soi-disant "Doctor".

FX. DOCTOR ENTERS, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

DOCTOR:

Where are Lord and Lady Crozion?

MIRANDA:

Our arguing was getting in the way of their arguing. My father is betting the general of his army that he can wipe out Cardenas in less than two days, and my mother is threatening to move to Cicero Beta.

DOCTOR:

I see. Duchess – would you do me a favour?

MIRANDA:

I doubt it.

DOCTOR:

Could you summon your advisor for me?

MIRANDA:

Tomek? Whatever for?

DOCTOR:

I've a feeling his input will prove to be vital.

MIRANDA:

But I don't see why-

SEBASTIAN:

(INTERRUPTING) Oh, for once in your life, just do what someone else wants, will you?

MIRANDA:

Very well. Tomek! He's usually close at hand.

DOCTOR:

(KNOWING) I'm sure he is.

FX. DOOR OPENS.

TOMEK:

My Lady... hello, Your Grace.

DOCTOR:

Ah, so you two know each other?

SEBASTIAN:

We have met, but barely spoken.

TOMEK:

The Great Dividing Line, and so on.

DOCTOR:

Indeed. And now, would Your Grace the Duke mind summoning his advisor?

SEBASTIAN:

Amelia?

DOCTOR:

The very same.

TOMEK:

What's going on?

DOCTOR:

Anything wrong with that request, Tomek?

TOMEK:

Well, no, but...

DOCTOR:

Well then. Your Grace, if you would?

SEBASTIAN:

(SIGHS) Very well. Amelia! My advisor is even more devoted than yours, my dear.

MIRANDA:

We'll see, my love. She's certainly more slovenly in responding to aducal summons.

TOMEK:

Well, if there's nothing else, Your Grace. Plenty to do, you know how it is.

DOCTOR:

Going somewhere, Tomek? I don't believe the Duchess has dismissed you.

MIRANDA:

No, I have not. Stay where you are Tomek.

SEBASTIAN:

Amelia!! I can't think what's keeping her.

DOCTOR:

I think I can. How about you, Tomek?

TOMEK:

Now, listen...

DOCTOR:

Holo-technology is illegal here, isn't that right?

SEBASTIAN:

It certainly is.

FX. DOCTOR OPERATES A SMALL GADGET. A QUIET, BACKGROUND WHINE.

DOCTOR:

Which is why your stores contain hologram disruptors like this one I presume? Is that right, Tomek?

TOMEK:

How did you get hold of that? Give it to me! Don't press that button! (LONG SHOUT) No!

FX. HIS SHOUT SWITCHES BETWEEN HIS VOICE AND AMELIA'S ONE PERSON SHOUTING, JUST WITH DIFFERENT VOICES.

AMELIA:

(SHOUT) NO!

MIRANDA:

Tomek!

SEBASTIAN:

Amelia!

AMELIA:

No... no!

SEBASTIAN:

One and the same!

DOCTOR:

Manipulating you all from the start.

MIRANDA:

But... why?

DOCTOR:

Mutually-assured destruction, that's why!

SEBASTIAN:

Destruction? Of what?

DOCTOR:

Of you and the Duchess. A malign word here, whispering some nasty persuasion there... Sow enough resentment and you both obliterate each other.

MIRANDA:

Leaving the trusted advisors – or should that be advisor? – to pick up the pieces...

SEBASTIAN:

...and take over the entire Duchy.

AMELIA:

You've got it all wrong.

MIRANDA:

How could you? You were my rock. I trusted you with everything – my title, my reputation, my... my person.

SEBASTIAN:

Miranda! You don't mean...? I am shocked, truly shocked.

MIRANDA:

Oh, don't play the innocent. We all know about your philandering – and Amelia's almost as pretty as Tomek. So...there really have been three people in this marriage.

SEBASTIAN:

Guards!

FX. DOORS OPEN AND A SMALL SQUAD OF GUARDS HURRIES IN.

SEBASTIAN:

Lock this wretch up!

GUARD:

Red or blue dungeon Your Grace?

SEBASTIAN:

(SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH MIRANDA) Red!

MIRANDA:

(SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH SEBASTIAN) Blue!

DOCTOR:

Why don't we toss a coin?

50. THE GREAT SQUARE

FX. EXT ATMOS. TARDIS CREW STROLLING ACROSS THE SQUARE.

TEGAN:

So it's like a mask?

DOCTOR:

Yes, but more sophisticated. The holo-disguise creates a fully three-dimensional image of another person. Very similar technology to the hologram of Miranda on the podium, and just as illegal. Add a built-in voice filter and you have what appears to be two entirely different people.

NYSSA:

And because the whole city was divided in two, no-one ever noticed that they were never in the same place at the same time.

ADRIC:

Of course, there was never any reason for them to be.

DOCTOR:

They knew every inch of the palace. So they could sneak back and forth from each side easily.

TEGAN:

So, everything's settled now?

DOCTOR:

Well, the Duke and Duchess still have some work to do..

NYSSA:

Doctor. What about the-

DOCTOR:

Ah, Lord Crozion! I really should have a word with him about the situation. (HURRYING TO MEET LORD CROZION)

NYSSA:

(HURRYING AFTER THE DOCTOR) Doctor, wait!

LORD CROZION:

(DISTANT) What do you and your rabble of reprobates want, young man?

FX. THE TARDIS CREW CATCHES UP WITH THE CROZIONS.

DOCTOR:

A word before you leave, Lord and Lady Crozion.

LADY CROZION:

Doctor, I'm grateful for your intervention, but my husband's mind is made up.

ADRIC:

But Lord Crozion...

LORD CROZION:

Save your breath, boy! Diplomatic solutions have been exhausted. It's time for the military to take over.

LADY CROZION:

Our forces are quite terrifying. I'm hoping that Cardenas surrenders with only a few thousand dead – or at least before the death toll climbs into five figures.

NYSSA:

Doctor!

DOCTOR:

What is it, Nyssa?

NYSSA:

Tomek, or Amelia – or whatever he or she's called – knew that your plan was to fake the Duchess's death. And that I was only holding that blaster for show.

DOCTOR:

Yes, yes. We know all this.

NYSSA:

But a laser bolt did hit the podium.

DOCTOR:

(MORE THOUGHTFUL) So it did.

TEGAN:

So if Nyssa didn't fire it...

ADRIC:

Then who did?

DOCTOR:

I've been a blind fool. Everybody inside – now!

FX. ROAR OF ENGINES – AN ENORMOUS SHIP IS LANDING.

LORD CROZION

(SHOUTING TO BE HEARD OVER THE DIN) What in blazes is that?

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING) It's a Sting Ship. An interstellar craft from the Spadix system. The inhabitants are an unsavoury bunch. A gang of cybernetic thugs and villains, preying on neighbouring worlds. They specialise in assassinations.

LADY CROZION:

(SHOUTING) What's it doing here?

FX. SHIP LANDS, HATCH OPENS.

DOCTOR:

I imagine your son-in-law sent for it.

FX. THE SCORPION CLANKS OUT.

DOCTOR:

Isn't that right... Scorpion?

SCORPION:

That's the Scorpion to you. Professional assassin par excellence. And when I am paid to carry out a hit, I always complete it. So produce the Duchess Miranda or I will kill you all where you stand.

MUSIC: CRASH IN TITLES.

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR**[REPRISE**

FX. ROAR OF ENGINES – AN ENORMOUS SHIP IS LANDING.

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(SHOUTING TO BE HEARD OVER THE DIN) What in blazes is that?

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LADY CROZION:

(SHOUTING) What's it doing here?

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DOCTOR:

I imagine your son-in-law sent for it.

FX. THE SCORPION CLANKS OUT.

DOCTOR:

Isn't that right... Scorpion?

SCORPION:

That's the Scorpion to you. Professional assassin par excellence. And when I am paid to carry out a hit, I always complete it. So produce the Duchess Miranda or I will kill you all where you stand.

REPRISE ENDS.]

51. THE GREAT SQUARE (CONT)

FX. SCORPION COCKS HER WEAPON.

DOCTOR:

(URGENT) Adric, get Nyssa and Tegan out of here – take the Crozions with you.

TEGAN:

We're not leaving you.

DOCTOR:

I'll be fine. Get to safety. Nyssa – look after Lady Crozion.

NYSSA:

But what about you?

ADRIC:

Come on everyone. Let's do as he says. Now... run!

FX. THEY ALL RUN FOR THE SAFETY OF THE PALACE.

SCORPION:

Cowards!! Come back here or I'll shoot!

DOCTOR:

Oh no you won't, The Scorpion!

SCORPION:

You think not?

DOCTOR:

I know not. I know your people. You've been contracted for a kill. One kill. The Duchess Miranda. No one's paying you to waste ammunition on bystanders. Now, let's see if we can't come to some arrangement.

SCORPION:

Your confidence is misplaced, 'Doctor'. Anyone who gets between me and my quarry, I shall also kill, and add the cost to my invoice.

DOCTOR:

The Duchess is no longer on Cicero Prime. I've made sure she is safe. Leave now and I'll ensure you get paid.

SCORPION:

Your pathetic lies were amusing for a while, I'll confess I've been enjoying watching your little game. But time is money and enough is enough. I know that you haven't had time to remove the Duchess from this world.

DOCTOR:

I assure you I have...

SCORPION:

Then who's that strutting across the grass like an indignant toddler?

FX. MIRANDA APPROACHES WITH SEBASTIAN BEHIND HER.

MIRANDA:

What is the meaning of this? If that ship has left scorch marks on my croquet lawn I shall have it vapourised with extreme prejudice.

SEBASTIAN:

Miranda! Keep away from her. That's The Scorpion.

SCORPION:

Duchess. A pleasure to make your acquaintance, if oh so briefly.

DOCTOR:

Duchess! Run! (EFFORT AS HE THROWS HIMSELF AGAINST THE SCORPION'S GUN ARM)

FX. SCORPION FIRES, BUT THE DOCTOR PULLS HER ARM AND THE SHOT GOES WILD.

SCORPION:

Get your hands off me, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Get out of here both of you! (EFFORT SOUNDS AS HE STRUGGLES WITH THE SCORPION)

SCORPION:

Unhand me! (EFFORT SOUNDS AS SHE STRUGGLES WITH THE DOCTOR)

SEBASTIAN:

This way, Miranda! After your parents!

FX. THEY CONTINUE TO STRUGGLE, SEBASTIAN AND MIRANDA FLEEING. THE SCORPION FIRES AGAIN.

SCORPION:

(GRUNT OF EFFORT)

FX. SCORPION THROWS THE DOCTOR TO THE GROUND.

DOCTOR:

(GRUNT OF PAIN AS HE HITS THE GROUND)

SCORPION:

I wish I could say you'll live to regret that, Doctor. It's an expensive luxury, but you I'll kill for free!

FX. SHE MANHANDLES HER GUN, AIMING IT AT THE DOCTOR.

52. THE THRONE ROOM

FX. ADRIC, NYSSA AND TEGAN BUNDLE LADY CROZION INSIDE.

TEGAN:

Inside – quick!

NYSSA:

Adric, shut the door.

SEBASTIAN:

(APPROACHING AT SPEED) Wait for us!

FX. THEY SLAM THE DOOR SHUT ONCE SEBASTIAN AND MIRANDA ARE SAFELY INSIDE. EVERYONE IS OUT OF BREATH.

LADY CROZION:

We're safe here!

ADRIC:

Not for long, with the weapons she's got.

NYSSA:

Where are your household guards, Your Grace?

SEBASTIAN:

I last saw them running out of the West Gate.

MIRANDA:

Loyal to the last, eh?

SEBASTIAN:

They were running after the last of your clumsy retainers.

TEGAN:

Oh, stop it, both of you. We need a plan.

ADRIC:

And fast!

LADY CROZION:

I told my husband we should stay at home but he wouldn't listen.

NYSSA:

Lady Crozion – where is your husband?

53. THE GREAT SQUARE

SCORPION:

Any final words, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(FEEBLY) Look out behind you...?

SCORPION:

Crushingly uninspiring. Still, let it stand as your epitaph.

FX. LORD CROZION FIRES HIS LASER PISTOL. SCORPION IS BLASTED OFF HER FEET AND SLAMS INTO THE SIDE OF HER SHIP.

LORD CROZION:

Got you! I... oh...

FX. SCORPION'S CYBERNETIC SYSTEMS WHIRR AS SHE STANDS UP AND FACES THE OLD MAN.

SCORPION:

I am a cybernetically enhanced bringer of death from another star system. Do you think a shot from a tiny gun like that is likely to incommode me, old man?

LORD CROZION:

Well, I... um...

FX. DOCTOR SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET.

DOCTOR:

Scorpion! Please, let's talk. I'm sure we can settle this. You don't need to kill him, or anyone.

SCORPION:

I have been contracted to carry out this assassination, which is now my moral duty.

DOCTOR:

The person who arranged for you to come has changed their mind. You can keep whatever money you've been paid, and leave.

SCORPION:

When you hire the Scorpion, there are no reversals, cancellations, amendments or cooling-off periods. Examine the small print!

DOCTOR:

But that's absurd! You're just... an employee.

SCORPION:

I am an artisan, Doctor, a craftswoman... a professional who enjoys the satisfaction of providing a world-class service.

DOCTOR:

Well, what if we tell everyone you killed the Duchess? She could go into hiding, while we all have a day of national mourning. Sombre hymns. Truthful tears.

SCORPION:

I was watching earlier when I blasted her hologram to smithereens. You faked her death and she couldn't stay out of sight for more than ten minutes. She is consumed with vanity. I will be doing Cicero Prime a favour by eliminating that ego-maniac.

LORD CROZION:

How dare you talk about my daughter like that!

FX. HE SHOOTS HER AGAIN AND AGAIN. THE BOLTS SLAM INTO HER BUT HAVE NO EFFECT.

DOCTOR:

It's no good, your Lordship. She's activated her body shield.

SCORPION:

Speaking of activating things...

FX. SCORPION ACTIVATES A DEVICE AND LORD CROZION IS FROZEN.

LORD CROZION: (SLIGHTLY MUFFLED INSIDE THE BUBBLE)

What...? What's happening? I can't move!

SCORPION:

You are sealed in a stasis bubble. I adore a hostage situation. So tense. So... dramatic.

DOCTOR:

Scorpion, Lord Crozion is not your target.

SCORPION:

But I shall kill him anyway, unless someone produces the Duchess. Now you have a message to deliver, Doctor. Do it quickly before I kill this old man out of utter tedium.

54. THE THRONE ROOM

SEBASTIAN:

It seemed like a good idea when Amelia explained it.

TEGAN:

Just what was supposed to happen?

SEBASTIAN:

The Scorpion would silently make planet-fall. Then, she was going to quietly monitor activity on Cardenas until she saw an opportunity.

NYSSA:

An opportunity for what?

SEBASTIAN:

For the Duchess to have a... well, an accident. It needed to be something we could put a bit of spin on. Something that wasn't too obvious.

MIRANDA:

You vile specimen.

LADY CROZION:

Don't worry, my dear. You need never see him again.

MIRANDA:

So... what did you pay? How much am I worth... in currency?

SEBASTIAN:

Forty thousand credits.

MIRANDA:

Forty thousand? Oh, well, not bad.

FX. ADRIC STARTS OPENING THE DOOR.

ADRIC:

It's the Doctor!

FX. DOCTOR ENTERS.

NYSSA:

Doctor! You're all right.

DOCTOR:

There you are! Shut the door!

FX. ADRIC SHUTS THE HEAVY DOOR.

LADY CROZION:

Doctor - have you seen my husband. Is he okay?

DOCTOR:

He's fine - for now.

LADY CROZION:

What a relief! (REALISES WHAT THE DOCTOR'S JUST SAID)

What do you mean 'for now'?

55. SCORPION'S STINGSHIP

FX. HATCH OPENS AND SCORPION CLOMPS ON BOARD.

LORD CROZION:

Put me down this instant!

SCORPION:

Your wish is my command. (SLIGHT EFFORT AS SHE THROWS LORD CROZION DOWN)

FX. CROZION IS DROPPED WITH A SLIGHT BUZZ FROM THE STASIS FIELD.

LORD CROZION:

(GRUNT AS HE'S DROPPED) You animal!

SCORPION:

Bargaining chips should be seen and not heard.

LORD CROZION:

I am no bargaining chip. I am a husband, a father..

SCORPION:

You are a solider. You must know that when a target is identified, the mission must be completed. I was paid for the kill. Why do you think I've been on your miserable planet these last few hours?

LORD CROZION:

You've been prowling around on Cicero Prime for hours?! How is that even possible?! You're hardly inconspicuous.

SCORPION:

Au contraire, I'm also a master of disguise, especially without my armour. Impersonating a footman here, playing a med-tech there. Even a jockey in the race for the Cup of Cardenas..

LORD CROZION:

Vertoid Nebula?!

SCORPION:

Mine's a Camel. If you'd bet on me you'd have doubled your winnings. Eventually, I took a premature pot-shot at my quarry out of sheer boredom. Quite unprofessional. I can only apologise and offer a slight discount to my employer.

LORD CROZION:

I knew that son-in-law of mine was a bounder!

SCORPION:

Quite. Though technically my contact was his chief courtier. Your son-in-law expected his popularity to soar once the people saw him as the weeping widower. The Duke of all their hearts. And of course, he would also get to keep your dowry.

LORD CROZION:

How much would you want to assassinate him?

SCORPION:

One assignment at a time, old man. If you survive the day, perhaps then we can discuss further terms. Right, that's long enough. I've wasted enough time here as it is.

FX. THE SCORPION STOMPS OUT.

56. THE THRONE ROOM

MIRANDA:

So, that's it, then. I have to give myself up. Or she'll kill Daddy, and probably the rest of you too.

LADY CROZION:

Darling, you mustn't.

TEGAN:

Doctor, there must be something we can do.

DOCTOR:

There is someone who can help us. Although it might take a little persuasion.

NYSSA:

Who is it, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

I think it was your guards who won the toss, wasn't it, Your Grace?

ADRIC:

Tomek slash Amelia?

DOCTOR:

Precisely so. I need a quick chat with the chief courtiers before The Scorpion gets back.

57. DUCHESS'S CELLS

TOMEK/AMELIA IS MUTTERING AWAY IN THE CELL. THE HOLOMASK IS DAMAGED, SO WE KEEP JUMPING FROM TOMEK TO AMELIA AND BACK AGAIN. RECORD TWICE.

TOMEK:

Just give her up... Just give the Duchess up... She'll kill you all... She can't be reasoned with...

FX. DOOR OPENS AND DOCTOR WALKS IN.

DOCTOR:

Hello, Tomek.

FX. HOLOMASK SPARKS.

DOCTOR:

Or should I say Amelia? It looks as if your holomask has sustained some damage.

AMELIA:

Are you enjoying your victory, Doctor? By the sound of things it will be short-lived.

DOCTOR:

The Scorpion might kill you too, of course.

FX. HOLOMASK SPARKS.

TOMEK:

I'm locked up deep in the heart of the dungeon on the far side of the palace. This is probably...

FX. HOLOMASK SPARKS.

AMELIA:

...the safest location in the city at the moment. You have no bargaining power over me, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

You used us, me and my friends.

AMELIA:

Not really. I had to keep changing my plans to account for your interference. Keep telling the Scorpion to wait for a better time. I think eventually, impatience got the better of her.

DOCTOR:

So, what was supposed to happen? The Duchess is killed and then what?

AMELIA:

The public wouldn't have stood for the Duke continuing to rule...

FX. HOLOMASK SPARKS.

TOMEK:

...after the Duchess had been slain. I would have advised him not to fly the flag at half-mast, for protocol's sake. That would really have done for him. Mauled out of office by the hysterical populace.

DOCTOR:

And in that hysteria, Tomek or Amelia could easily take over.

TOMEK:

Yes. So, if there's nothing else, Doctor, you'd better get ready to die trying to protect the Duchess, or give her up and probably be murdered anyway.

DOCTOR:

There is another option, Tomek. You help me.

TOMEK:

Me help!? Are you serious? Me help!? (BITTER LAUGH)

FX. IN MID-LAUGH TOMEK TURNS BACK INTO AMELIA.

AMELIA:

(BITTER LAUGH) If you had not come to Cardenas, I would now be preparing my accession speech.

DOCTOR:

Your plan wasn't going to work. Lord Crozion would never have stood by and let you take over.

AMELIA:

I could have handled that ageing prune.

DOCTOR:

Perhaps. But I don't need your diplomatic genius. I need your holo-technology skills.

FX. MASK SPARKS.

TOMEK:

Too bad.

DOCTOR:

You can even stay safe in here, if you like. We'll risk our lives while you stay out of danger. And, if we succeed, I'll plead for your life because you decided to help us.

TOMEK:

And if you fail?

DOCTOR:

Then you're no worse off, are you?

FX. MASK SPARKS, BUT AMELIA SAYS NOTHING.

DOCTOR:

Amelia?

AMELIA:

My real name is Zayna. [PRO: ZAY-NUH] I've worn these two faces for so long, they've almost become part of me.

DOCTOR:

Perhaps it's time to face this world as your true self.

AMELIA:

Possibly.

DOCTOR:

Please, Zayna. We need you.

AMELIA:

(BEAT, THEN RELENTS) What is it that you need?

DOCTOR:

Hardly anything.

58. THE THRONE ROOM

ADRIC:

Can you see anything, Nyssa?

NYSSA: (LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW)

Just the lawn and the — No! Wait...

FX. COMMOTION WITH IN THE ROOM.

MIRANDA:

I'm going out there.

SEBASTIAN:

Miranda, you can't.

MIRANDA:

I'm getting tired of people telling me what I can and can't do. Especially you.

FX. DOOR OPENS AND THE DOCTOR ENTERS.

NYSSA:

Doctor!

TEGAN:

Did Amelia, I mean Tomek...

DOCTOR:

Zayna, apparently.

TEGAN:

Zayna? Anyway, did you get what you needed?

DOCTOR:

Yes, I think so. But it's going to take time.

ADRIC:

How much time?

DOCTOR:

Ten - maybe fifteen - minutes.

LADY CROZION:

We'll have to arrange some kind of distraction.

NYSSA:

Split up. Give her multiple targets?

DOCTOR:

Too dangerous.

TEGAN:

So's staying here, Doctor.

MIRANDA:

What about me? I thought I was the target?

DOCTOR:

I need you with me, Your Grace.

TEGAN:

The Duchess showed us a map of the palace. There's a network of catacombs below.

DOCTOR:

What are you suggesting?

ADRIC:

If we lure her down there, we can keep her busy for at least fifteen minutes.

DOCTOR:

I can't ask you to do that.

NYSSA:

It makes sense Doctor. Your Grace, may we have the map please?

SEBASTIAN:

Here it is. Ignore my reforming scribbles. I had a fancy to re-vamp the catacombs along neo-classical lines.

DOCTOR:

How do we get to them from here?

SEBASTIAN:

Through the main kitchens into the cellar.

DOCTOR:

Adric – have you memorised the layout?

ADRIC:

I think so, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Nyssa, take the map. We don't want it falling into the hands of The Scorpion.

FX. HE GIVES HER THE MAP.

NYSSA:

Agreed.

DOCTOR:

Good, take Lady Crozion with you. Adric, go with Tegan via a different route. As soon as Sebastian, Miranda and I have gone, start leading The Scorpion down into the catacombs. Whichever party she follows, try and bring her back out to the Great Square in about fifteen minutes' time.

FX. A FIZZ AS A HIGH IMPACT LASER BEAM BLASTS A CHUNK OF MASONRY OFF THE OUTSIDE OF THE THRONE ROOM.

SCORPION:

(FROM OUTSIDE) Doctor! Your time is up. Coming to get you, ready or not.

TEGAN:

But what are you going to do?

DOCTOR:

No time to explain. This way, Your Graces (CALLS BACK TO THE OTHERS) Good luck!

FX. HE BUSTLES AWAY WITH MIRANDA AND SEBASTIAN.

NYSSA:

What do we do now?

TEGAN:

Open the door to the psychopathic killer, I suppose?

ADRIC:

(SIGHS) Well - let's get on with it.

59. THE GREAT SQUARE

FX. ADRIC PUSHES THE HEAVY DOOR OPEN.

ADRIC:

(CALLING ACROSS THE SQUARE) Hello there. I don't think we've been properly introduced. My name is Adric.

SCORPION:

(APPROACHING) I don't care. Are you ready to deliver the Duchess?

ADRIC:

(CALLING OUT) Not just yet. She's still doing her hair.

FX. SCORPION FIRES, ADRIC DUCKS INSIDE.

ADRIC:

Aagh!!

SCORPION:

Then I'm coming in after you.

ADRIC:

You'll have to catch us first...

FX. HE RUNS, THE SCORPION BEGINS TO FOLLOW.

60. DUKE'S CHAMBERS

FX. SEBASTIAN IS TYPING INTO A COMPUTER. DOCTOR IS FIDDLING WITH A GADGET.

SEBASTIAN:

Okay, I'm doing the transfer now.

MIRANDA:

This plan of yours is crazy, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

They usually are. How's the bounty coming, Sebastian?

SEBASTIAN:

I've loaded the remaining credits onto this cred-card. I will see it again, won't I?

MIRANDA:

It's good to know what you're really concerned about, darling.

FX. GADGET FIZZES AGAIN.

DOCTOR:

Got it! Right, the drone is primed and ready.

SEBASTIAN:

Can't we just send it out there to laser her from the skies?

DOCTOR:

Sorry, Your Grace, there's no way the laser on that drone would get through The Scorpion's armour. Now, there's just one more thing I need.

SEBASTIAN:

Well let's get it and get on with it.

DOCTOR:

Unfortunately - it's on The Scorpion's Sting-ship.

61. PALACE CATACOMBS

FX. NYSSA AND LADY CROZION CREEP THROUGH THE CATACOMBS.
DISTANT GUNFIRE. HUSHED WHISPERS.

LADY CROZION:

It sounds like the boy's taunts worked. The Scorpion has followed us into the catacombs.

NYSSA:

(STUDYING THE MAP) If we manage to lead her down to this open area here, there are five different routes leading out. That should make her disoriented.

LADY CROZION:

She's coming!

FX. SCORPION APPROACHING.

NYSSA:

Quick, into the alcove!

FX. NYSSA BUNDLES LADY CROZION INTO AN ALCOVE.

LADY CROZION:

It's rather dusty!

NYSSA:

Keep quiet.

FX. SCORPION STRIDES PAST THEM.

SCORPION:

(RECEDING) I see you, boy.

TEGAN: (DISTANT)

Adric, move it.

ADRIC: (DISTANT)

We're out of range here.!

FX. SCORPION FIRES. EXPLOSION OF MASONRY CHIPS.

ADRIC: (DISTANT)

Tegan, move it!

NYSSA:

(HUSHED) Time to join the fray. (SHOUTS) Hey there!

FX. SCORPION STOPS AND TURNS.

SCORPION:

Nyssa the Destroyer (SEES LADY CROZION) And the mother of the corpse-to-be! How delightful.

LADY CROZION:

Coward! In my day, political assassins didn't wear armour.

NYSSA:

(HUSHED) Good! Keep her talking..

SCORPION:

The acoustics are excellent in here. Keep her talking until what?

FX. TEGAN APPROACHES FROM BEHIND.

TEGAN: (OFF)

Oi! Tin can!

FX. SHE THROWS A CHUNK OF ROCK AT HER.

TEGAN: (OFF)

Plenty more chunks of masonry where that came from!

FX. THE SCORPION TURNS TO FACE TEGAN.

SCORPION:

Just what do you think throwing stones at me is going to achieve?

TEGAN: (OFF)

Nothing much, besides giving Nyssa and Lady Crozion time to slip away.

FX. THE SCORPION TURNS AROUND.

SCORPION:

(REALISES NYSSA AND LADY CROZION HAVE GONE) A cheap trick! I will delight in killing you!

FX. SHE TURNS AND FIRES AT TEGAN. EXPLOSION. CHUNKS OF STONE ARE BLASTED OFF THE WALL.

62. ON BOARD THE STINGSHIP

FX. HATCH OPENS AND DOCTOR CLIMBS ON BOARD.

LORD CROZION:

Doctor! You came back for me?

DOCTOR:

Among other things, yes.

LORD CROZION:

I can't move... this damn stasis field...

DOCTOR:

Yes, let me see about that...

FX. DOCTOR FIDDLES WITH SOME CONTROLS.

LORD CROZION:

Quickly! She could be back at any minute.

DOCTOR:

Nearly there...

FX. STASIS FIELD SWITCHES OFF. DOCTOR WALKS OVER.

LORD CROZION:

(SIGH OF RELIEF) Ohh...

DOCTOR:

I'll take your gun if you don't mind.

FX. HE SNATCHES THE GUN.

LORD CROZION:

That's private property. Give it back.

DOCTOR:

Sorry, I'm afraid I need it. And I'm sorry about this too...

FX. HE FIDDLES WITH THE CONTROLS AGAIN. THE FIELD SWITCHES BACK ON.

LORD CROZION:

Doctor! You've trapped me again.

DOCTOR:

It's for your own safety, Your Lordship. Now... I just need to detach this bit of the...

FX. DOCTOR KEEPS FIDDLING.

DOCTOR:

(GRUNTS WITH EFFORT) Why won't this thing come off?

FX. HE THUMPS THE CONSOLE AND THE THING COMES OFF.

DOCTOR:

Aha!

LORD CROZION:

What are you doing? Let me out of here!

DOCTOR:

All in good time. I have an appointment with The Scorpion.

FX. DOCTOR LEAVES.

63. PALACE CATACOMBS

FX. TEGAN AND ADRIC ARE WALKING QUICKLY.

TEGAN:

Oh, why did we have to give Nyssa the map!

ADRIC:

I told you I have it memorised.

TEGAN:

Then get us out of here.

ADRIC:

I'm not sure if the map was completely accurate, to be honest.

TEGAN:

I knew it! We're lost.

ADRIC:

Nyssa knows we're down here. She'll be able to get help.

FX. GUNFIRE BEHIND THEM, EXPLOSION OF ROCK DEBRIS.

TEGAN:

If that psychopath back there doesn't murder us first.

FX. A LOW, GRINDING RUMBLE NEARBY..

ADRIC:

What's that noise?

FX. DOOR OPENS IN THE ROCK.

TEGAN:

Holy moly!

AMELIA:

You two - quick - in here!

TEGAN:

Amelia!

AMELIA:

My name is Zayna. In here, quickly!

FX. TEGAN AND ADRIC SCRAMBLE THROUGH THE DOOR.

CUT STRAIGHT TO.

64. PALACE CORRIDORS (CONT.)

FX. TEGAN, AMELIA AND ADRIC EMERGE THROUGH THE SECRET DOOR)

AMELIA:

Help me get this closed.

TEGAN:

No, wait. Leave it open. We need to get the Scorpion to follow us.

FX. ANOTHER BLAST OF LASER FIRE FROM THE CATACOMBS.

ADRIC:

Where are we Zayna?

TEGAN:

The Duke's side of the Palace. Come on, follow me.

FX. THEY DASH OFF.

65. THE GREAT SQUARE

FX. DOCTOR RETURNS FROM THE STINGSHIP, DASHING ACROSS THE COBBLES.

SEBASTIAN:

Did you get it?

DOCTOR:

Yes. I think we're finally ready. Duchess, hold this.

MIRANDA:

Hold what - ugh...

FX. DEVICE OPERATES. SHE FAINTS.

DOCTOR:

Catch her!

FX. SEBASTIAN FAILS TO CATCH HER. SHE FALLS TO THE GROUND WITH A THUMP.

SEBASTIAN:

Sorry! Is she okay?

DOCTOR:

She's just asleep. That device in her hand is a neural inhibitor.

SEBASTIAN:

Now what?

DOCTOR:

We make a deal...

SEBASTIAN:

Wait - this wasn't part of the plan.

DOCTOR:

It's the only way, Your Grace.

66. THRONE ROOM

NYSSA AND LADY CROZION EMERGE BACK INTO THE THRONE ROOM.

NYSSA:

And here we are back in the Throne Room. The Doctor's fifteen minutes are up.

LADY CROZION:

Where are the others? Do you think we should go back?

FX. FROM OUTSIDE - FOOTSTEPS.

NYSSA:

Someone's coming.

LADY CROZION:

The Scorpion?

FX. DOOR OPENS - ADRIC, TEGAN AND AMELIA ENTER.

TEGAN:

Nyssa! You made it!

NYSSA:

Tegan! Adric! Well done.

LADY CROZION:

And who might you be?

AMELIA:

My name is - well, I have a number on offer.

FX. LASER BLAST FROM OUTSIDE.

SCORPION:

(FROM OUTSIDE) I have you now!

NYSSA:

Quick - outside! Into the Great Square!

FX. THEY ALL RUN OUT OF THE DOOR TO THE GREAT SQUARE.
SCORPION CLANKS INSIDE.

SCORPION:

My cybernetic systems don't need recharging for days. Run all you like, I will always catch you.

FX. SHE GOES AFTER THEM.

67. THE GREAT SQUARE

FX. NYSSA, ADRIC AND CO. EMERGE FROM THE THRONE ROOM.

NYSSA:

Doctor! She's right on our heels!

LADY CROZION:

Miranda! What are you doing here?

DOCTOR:

No time to explain. Get behind me – all of you! And whatever you do – don't interfere!

FX. THE SCORPION EMERGES FROM THE PALACE.

DOCTOR:

Ah! Scorpion. There you are.

SCORPION: (APPROACHING

Doctor. What an entertaining tour of the catacombs. And what lively companions you keep around you.

DOCTOR:

They certainly keep me on my toes

SCORPION:

I shall enjoy slaughtering them in due course. But you've brought me a present I see.

MIRANDA:

(STARTS TO REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS) What...? Where am I?

SCORPION:

You are giving up the life of the Duchess for the sake of your own skin? How delightful.

LADY CROZION:

Doctor! You can't!

TEGAN:

I hope you know what you're doing, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

That's not quite my proposal, Scorpion. Do you know what this is?

SCORPION:

A cred-card? I've already told you, Doctor, I won't be bribed out of my binding contract. It would be against my morals!

DOCTOR:

This cred-card has all the remaining wealth of the Duchy on it. Eight times what you would have been paid for this assassination. We offer you this in exchange for the life of the Duchess and the people of Cardenas.

SCORPION:

A fascinating offer.

DOCTOR:

Do you accept the deal?

SCORPION:

The cred-card. Give it to me.

DOCTOR:

Here Adric. Take it to her.

ADRIC:

If you say so, Doctor.

FX. ADRIC WALKS TO HER AND HANDS OVER THE CARD. SCORPION TAKES IT AND ACTIVATES IT. IT Bleeps A READOUT.

SCORPION:

Let's see... three hundred and twenty-nine thousand credits. A fine day's work for any contract killer even at the current exchange rate. Well, Doctor. My morals will have to be put on hold.

DOCTOR:

Excellent! Now, let Lord Crozion go and leave this planet in peace.

SCORPION:

With pleasure, Doctor. Deactivating stasis field... now.

FX. SCORPION PUSHES A BUTTON.

SCORPION:

Opening hatch...

FX. ANOTHER BUTTON, THE HATCH ON THE SHIP OPENS.

SCORPION:

(SHOUTS) Lord Crozion, come out and meet the man who bankrupted your daughter's kingdom!

FX. LORD CROZION EMERGES.

LORD CROZION:

Doctor! What does she mean? What have you done?

DOCTOR:

Now, Scorpion. You have everything you came for.

SCORPION:

Not quite. Being paid eight times what I asked for is giddyng of course. But not if word gets out that I didn't carry out the hit. So, goodbye my Duchess.

FX. SCORPION FIRES. DUCHESS IS HIT

MIRANDA:

(AS SHE'S SHOT) Ah!

LORD CROZION:

Miranda!

FX. MIRANDA FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

LORD CROZION:

She's... she's dead!

DOCTOR:

I'm so sorry.

SCORPION:

Not so fast. I've fired one blaster at this troublesome Duchess already today, and yet afterwards she was alive and well.

FX. SHE FIRES A FEW MORE TIMES.

LORD CROZION:

You monster!

SCORPION:

Quiet, unless you want to join your precious daughter.

FX. SHE KICKS THE BODY WITH HER BOOT.

SCORPION:

Not a hologram. Excellent. No miraculous resurrections this time.

DOCTOR:

No.

68. THE GREAT SQUARE (CONT.)

FX. THE SCORPION STEPS CLOSER TO THE DOCTOR.

SCORPION:

All your frantic activity – all your plans, Doctor. And the Duchess still lies dead at my feet.

FX. THEY ARE NOSE TO NOSE.

DOCTOR:

Yes. But you've taken your eye off the ball, Scorpion. If you'd care to look down, you'll see that I am now pressing a gun directly at your solar plexus. If you so much as raise your weapon, I will pull the trigger. Do you understand?

LORD CROZION:

But it was hopeless against her earlier!

DOCTOR:

Her body armour protects her from long and medium range shots. At this distance, it's useless. I'm right aren't I, Scorpion?

SCORPION:

So – you can play the cold-hearted killer after all, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

You took the life of the Duchess when you had no reason to. Why should I not take your life, eh?

NYSSA:

Doctor, you can't!

SCORPION:

Nyssa's right, Doctor: you can't. I've been watching you. Ever since you arrived. Watching you squirm and twist. You may have taken my name, but you would do anything to avoid taking a life.

LORD CROZION:

Doctor – pull the trigger!

TEGAN:

No! You can't.

ADRIC:

You mustn't. It'd make you no better than her.

LADY CROZION:

What are you waiting for? Shoot her, man!

SCORPION:

How many of your friends could I kill Doctor, while you stay right there, pressing your useless gun against my stomach?

DOCTOR:

Keep still!

SCORPION:

Oh look! I'm raising my gun. I wonder who I'll point it at...?

DOCTOR:

I'm warning you!

SCORPION:

The boy in the pyjamas? The loud annoying one? How about "Nyssa the Destroyer"? Yes, I think she should be the first to go.

DOCTOR:

No!!

SCORPION:

Farewell my dear.

FX. SCORPION COCKS HER WEAPON. THE DOCTOR FIRES. THE SCORPION SLAMS INTO THE GROUND.

SCORPION:

Arrghh!!

(STUNNED SILENCE)

TEGAN:

I don't believe it!

ADRIC:

He pulled the trigger!

NYSSA:

Oh Doctor, what have you done?

FX. A GROAN FROM THE SCORPION.

LORD CROZION:

Wait - what's going on?

LADY CROZION:

She's not dead!

SCORPION:

Urghh, what's this...? I can't move...

DOCTOR:

You were right, of course, Scorpion. I would never use deadly force, even against a brute like you. While you were chasing my friends around the catacombs, I had time to make some modifications to Lord Crozion's gun.

ADRIC:

You turned it into a stasis field manipulator! Brilliant! Quite brilliant!

DOCTOR:

Thank you Adric. Yes, rather than blast a hole in your middle, it just triggered a stasis field. Very clever technology of yours, Scorpion.

NYSSA:

And now you're stuck. Imprisoned.

TEGAN:

A scorpion without its sting, eh Doc?

DOCTOR:

You could have just left in peace, but you had to try and kill again.

LORD CROZION:

Give her into my custody, Doctor. I will take her back to Galleria.

LADY CROZION:

We will torture her for weeks. Murderer!

DOCTOR:

Is that what you think I should do, Scorpion?

SCORPION:

I have completed my kill, Doctor. Let me leave and I won't trouble the people of this system again.

DOCTOR:

I will give you ten percent mobility. Enough to get you back on board your ship, and to operate the controls. The field will wear off fully in a few days. I suggest you make sure you are light years away by that time.

LORD CROZION:

You can't just let her leave!

LADY CROZION:

She killed our daughter!

DOCTOR:

I can't let you torture her either, I don't have much choice.

FX. DOCTOR OPERATES A CONTROL.

SCORPION:

(LAUGHS) I knew you didn't have what it takes to end a life.

DOCTOR:

Just go.

SCORPION:

Farewell, losers!

FX. SCORPION BOARDS HER SHIP WHICH TAKES OFF.

DOCTOR:

Well, I think that all worked out rather well in the end.

LADY CROZION:

How dare you gloat, Doctor! Miranda! She's dead!

LORD CROZION:

Killed by that monster!

MIRANDA: (CLOSE TO THEM BUT INVISIBLE)

Daddy? What's happening?

LORD CROZION:

Miranda? That was Miranda's voice.

LADY CROZION:

Her spirit.

DOCTOR:

Zayna – would you mind deactivating the holographic cloaking device?

AMELIA:

Of course, Doctor.

FX. WITH A HUM MIRANDA BECOMES VISIBLE.

LORD CROZION:

What's going on?

LADY CROZION:

Miranda!

MIRANDA:

Mummy? You tricked me Doctor.

DOCTOR:

I had no other option, Your Grace. It didn't matter how much we paid The Scorpion. She was always going to kill you given the chance. I had to make her think she'd succeeded but I couldn't put you at risk.

LORD CROZION:

I don't understand. If this is my daughter, then who's this? Who did the Scorpion shoot?

FX. FIZZ OF HOLODISGUISE.

SEBASTIAN:

And kick. Don't forget the kick. Ow.

LORD CROZION:

Sebastian!?

TEGAN:

I've seen it all now! You mean Miranda was Sebastian?

SEBASTIAN:

Don't sound so surprised. I thought I played it very well.

DOCTOR:

We knew the Scorpion wouldn't be fooled by another hologram, but using Zayna's holo-disguise, we could send a decoy out here, protected by a portable shield generator.

AMELIA:

That way, even if she tried to take the fake Miranda prisoner, she would seem real and solid. But the shield would protect Sebastian from her blaster bolts.

SEBASTIAN:

If not her kicks.

TEGAN:

I'm amazed you persuaded Sebastian to take that risk.

DOCTOR:

That's the interesting part, I didn't.

NYSSA:

What do you mean, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

He volunteered. In fact, he insisted.

MIRANDA:

Sebastian? Is this true?

SEBASTIAN:

It's like you said, darling. I did get us into this mess in the first place.

MIRANDA:

Oh you silly man...

LORD CROZION:

Well... we'd better be off. Preparations for war you know. Come along Miranda

MIRANDA:

I'm not leaving, Daddy. If you attack Cardenas, you attack me too.

LORD CROZION:

But... but...

MIRANDA:

I'm staying with my husband.

LORD CROZION:

I absolutely forbid it.

LADY CROZION:

Come along, Louis. We have that little matter of your inveterate gambling to discuss.

FX. SHE LEADS HIM OFF, PROTESTING.

SEBASTIAN:

One almost feels sorry for the old codger.

MIRANDA:

That's married bliss for you.

MUSIC: FLOURISH.

69. WOODS OUTSIDE THE PALACE

FX. DOCTOR AND TARDIS CREW WALK THROUGH THE WOODS.

ADRIC:

Couldn't we have stayed for the celebrations, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Oh, I think it's time we were off.

TEGAN:

You're never one to hang around, are you?

DOCTOR:

When a job is done – ah, and here's the TARDIS.

NYSSA:

Hey, what happened to the Great Dividing Line?

DOCTOR:

Palace guards have been buffing it out all morning. On my orders.

TEGAN:

Your orders?

DOCTOR:

Well, Their Graces did appoint me as Grand Rector of Cardenas. Recognising my expertise in pastoral care.

ADRIC:

We are never coming back here...

TEGAN:

You took the words right out of my mouth.

FX. DOCTOR UNLOCKS AND OPENS THE TARDIS.

NYSSA:

Inside, both of you. And Tegan – no thumping of the console!

FX. TEGAN AND ADRIC STEP INTO THE TARDIS.

NYSSA:

Do you think they'll be happy Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Adric and Tegan? Oh yes. I think they're happiest when they're bickering.

NYSSA:

No—the Duke and Duchess of Cardenas.

DOCTOR:

Ah, in matters of the heart I've found it wisest to avoid making predictions.

FX. THEY ENTER THE TARDIS. DOOR CLOSES. THE TARDIS STARTS TO DEMATERIALISE. CROSSFADE TO.

70. THE GREAT SQUARE - BALCONY/DUCAL BEDCHAMBER

WILDTRACK:

CROWD CHEERING.

SEBASTIAN:

Thank you all!

MIRANDA:

Yes, thank you! Thank you!

FX. THEY GO INSIDE AND CLOSE THE DOORS. CROWD CONTINUES CHEERING, NOW MUFFLED.

SEBASTIAN:

Well, quite an anniversary. I wonder what our silver jubilee will be like!

MIRANDA:

The people of Cardenas do seem very happy don't they Chief Courtier?

AMELIA:

Ecstatic, Your Grace. If you'll forgive me, I have to give the Correspondents Royal the text of their glowing reports for tomorrow's papers.

FX. SHE EXITS. DOORS SHUT.

SEBASTIAN:

Alone at last

FX. THEY KISS.

MIRANDA:

Listen to that cheering.

SEBASTIAN:

I hope they stop soon or we won't get a wink of sleep.

BEAT.

MIRANDA:

Who do you think they're cheering for most loudly?

SEBASTIAN:

(LAUGHS) Me of course, darling, after all I've done today how can you doubt it?

MIRANDA:

(RISING ANGER) After everything you've done! Why you... conceited, puffed-up, egomaniacal...

MUSIC: CRASH IN CLOSING THEME.